WE'LL PAY YOUR FARE, FOOD, AND SEAT FOR THE CUP FINAL (SEE INSIDE).

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1122.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 18, 1912. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DUNVILLE'S

V R

WHISKY

Insist on seeing "BOTTLED BY DUNVILLE & Co. Ltd.," on the Capsule and Back Label.

NONE OTHER GUARANTEED GENUINE.

May be obtained from all Wine and Spirit Merchants in 3, 6, and 12 Bottle Cases.

Write direct for name of nearest retailer to

DUNVILLE & Co. Ltd., BELFAST or LONDON.

Don't long for another person's appetite; use

HOE'S SAUCE

and have a good one of your own.

Catesbys' Easy Terms—

make buying a high-grade Talking Machine an easy matter. Simply pay a small deposit and arrange to pay an instalment each week or month. Remember the Machine is delivered at once. **MONEY BACK** if you do not think the **"HOMESTEAD" MELOPHONE** full value. Recollect that high-grade Talking Machines are not easy to get on Credit Terms. The good fame of Catesbys is known everywhere, and to get a Disc Machine on Easy Terms backed by them is the most welcome opportunity advertised. **FREE CATALOGUE** shows fine illustration of the "Homestead" and other Talking Machines offered on Easy Terms. We pay carriage to your door.

27/6 EASY TERMS

2 6 DEPOSIT

CATESBYS Ltd. (Dept. 7), 64-67 Tottenham Court Road, LONDON, W.

2 - in the £ discount for cash.

THE HEALTH SECRET.

Fry's PURE Cocoa

"Its Royal Flavour
Wins Royal Favour."

Makes one feel well "all over." The splendid warming-up effect of a steaming cup of FRY'S keeps "the shivers" away on the rawest, most trying day. It supplies a positive need for your health's sake.

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, AND H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

300 GRANDS PRIX, GOLD MEDALS, &c.

Do not be deceived by misleading statements, but rely upon the experience of nearly 200 years.

GALAXY BARGAIN BALE,

CONTAINING

12 BLANKETS, 21/-

Offered Below Wholesale Prices.

MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT FULLY SATISFIED.

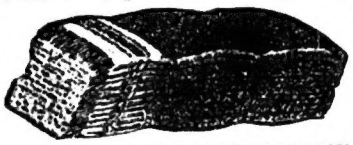
Testimonial.
Palmerstown, Stradbally, Ireland.
Oct. 11th, 1910

Lady Maria Ponsonby received the 21/- Bale of Blankets quite safe yesterday with many thanks. They are very good.

The lot, packed free, and sent on receipt of amount.

- **2 Superb Quality Cream Blankets**, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52in. by 72in., beautifully whipped with crimson.
- **2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets**, a most durable and useful blanket, size 50in. by 70in., bordered.
- **2 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets**, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well finished and edged, size 51in. by 70in.
- **2 Large Coloured Shetland Blankets**, very durable quality, soft, warm, and comfortable, full size, 45in. by 65in.
- **2 Warm Woollen Blankets**, soft Twill make, splendid durable quality, size 82in. by 54in., weight 5lb. Very warm.
- **2 Cream Coloured Warm, Fine Quality Crib Blankets**, soft as velvet, wash well, and beautiful finish, full size.

FREE



12 WHITE BEDROOM TOWELS GIVEN WITH EACH PARCEL

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, Blankets, &c., Post Free, if, when writing, you mention *Pearson's Weekly* 13.1.1912.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Mnfs., Importers & Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

350 RICH FUR THROWOVERS.

OVER 60 IN. LONG AT HALF PRICE!!

Yes! We are sending out **350** of these magnificent **Rich Fur Throwovers**, over 10 inches long, **full width**, handsomely and cosily lined, in **Rich Sable Browns**, New Greys, Black, &c.

SALE PRICE

1/6

(Carriage 3d.)

Large Fur Muffs, to match, 1/6 each!!!

Send Postal Order To-day!

CASH BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!!!

Big Sale Catalogue POST FREE of Furs, Drapery, Cutlery, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, China, &c. 1001 Amazing Bargains!

TESTIMONIAL.
Mrs. Kirby, 8 Regent Street, York, writes: "Being very well satisfied with the two Furs—send me other three."

THE LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 10), 3 Raven Road, Leeds.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

ZIG-ZAG

BEST CIGARETTE PAPER

FREE—ABSOLUTELY FREE! This beautiful 12-ct. Gold Filled Signet Ring Free to interested new catalogue. Send name and address, and P.O. for 1d. for engraving initial and postage. Two initial intertwined monogram, 1s. 1d.—SIMS & MAYE, (Dept. 57), 418 to 422 Strand, London.

TO LADIES!

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value. They afford relief in every instance, frequently in a few hours. They cure female Weakness and Irregularities, are safe, sure, and speedy. Far superior to Steel, Tansy, etc., and all similar preparations. Prices, 1s. 3d. and (treble quantity) 2s. 9d., extra strong, 4s. 6d. Post Free in plain wrapper, or all chemists or direct from

Lady Manageress, The I.R.S. Co. (Dept. C.) 145 Stockwell Road, London.

Enlargements

Beautiful Indian Ink and Crayon Portraits, 20 in. by 16 in.

2/11

SPECIAL OFFER FOR A FEW WEEKS ONLY.

Here is a special offer we are making to readers of *Pearson's Weekly*. For 2s. 11d., plus 4d. for postage, inland, we will supply you with an enlarged portrait, 20in. by 16in.

These portraits are of the finest artistic merit, and what is perhaps more important is that they are quite permanent.

If you wish to preserve the photograph of someone who is dear, or who has passed away, have one of these enlargements before it is too late.

All pictures copied bust style—head and shoulders only.

Send photograph you wish copied, with your name and address clearly written on the back, with P.O. for 2s. 11d., plus 4d. for postage, to

"ENLARGE" (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1122. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 18, 1912. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

Locked Out!

My Memories of a Lancashire Cotton War.

By an EX-FACTORY "HAND."

"SEVEN hundred mills closed: Operatives locked out."

One glance at this dread newspaper headline and away roll the mists of time and reveal to me awful pictures of the past.

My earliest memory of a Lancashire cotton war dates back a long time, but recent events have brought it back fresh and green as ever. I was too young to understand quite who was in the wrong, but old enough to realise the effects of the struggle.

On my way home from school one evening I heard a great shouting in the factories after the engines had stopped working. The operatives, I afterwards learned, were shouting with joy at the prospect of beating the masters. In a few minutes the factory doors opened and the streets were alive.

All night long, I recall, sleep was next to impossible; the workers' war song was played and sung everywhere. For a few days there was not a happier set of people in all the land.

Half Pay and Half Meals.

Several weeks passed by. There was talk of a settlement, but hope soon died away and the combatants bent to the fight.

My father, like the rest of the trade unionists, drew a weekly sum from his society and a little for each child who was not old enough to work. But the effect of the money shortage soon became apparent.

It began with meat; the allowance was cut down and then meat vanished altogether from the table. Anything that savoured of luxury was never mentioned.

With the cutting down of the trade union pay came a corresponding narrowing of household supplies. Half-pay was another name for half meals. Landlords were asked to accept half rent. The grocers were told that "it was credit or nothing." Folks who hated the very name of pawnshop were forced to patronise it. On Saturday nights respectable women, mothers, wives, their shawls hiding their shame-stricken faces, could be seen slinking round the market grounds on the look-out for "bits" on the stalls.

What struck me more than anything was that for a time nobody raised a voice in protest. It was a fight being fought with true fighting spirit. For a wife to grumble was to remonstrate with her lord and master, and he would have taken it as an insult to his independence and a questioning of the justice of his stand. And so thousands who were accustomed to have good wages and to live well silently submitted to all manner of privations rather than give in to the employers.

Kiddies Fainted at their Lessons.

But as time went on and suffering grew keener, the inevitable outcry came. It was in the schoolrooms, where little children fainted at their lessons and from where some were carried home to sicken and die.

The teachers cried "Shame!" They did not attempt to fix the blame, nor to argue as to the cause; they just pointed to the pinch-cheeke effects.

The doctors, too, the overworked doctors, who wondered when they would get their fees—*they* cried "Shame!" And a grim accompaniment to their cry of disapproval was the hissing of the undertaker's plane as he made the little coffins.

And then the discontent came nearer home, at first simmering, then boiling over in a way that I shall never forget.

You have seen, some of you, little knots of anarchists standing at the street corners in Soho hatching revolution? That is what happened in the shadows of the mills.

One night, in the little town where I was living civil war broke out. The maddened operatives marched in a determined body to the residences of the masters to demand what they called "Our reets" (rights).

They were dispersed by the police, and quick as lightning the news spread to the neighbouring towns. In a few hours the spark of revolution was speeding here, there, and everywhere, setting human hearts aflame and terrorising the employers. The next thing I remember is the sight of hundreds of extra policemen and the clatter of cavalry through the factory town.

Burnt the Masters' Homes.

It was war in real earnest. The residence of a leading factory owner was set alight and burned to the ground and there was hardly a mill that did not have the windows shattered with stones thrown by the operatives.

The commonest sights were starving wives and a glint which said "Murder!" in the eyes of the men; the commonest sounds were the cries of hungry children. People who sold food fixed shutters to their windows.

Of a morning, when the trouble was at its height, my father would saunter forth with a short poker concealed in the inside pocket of his coat. Down in the centre of the town you could see the men congregating, each armed with some implement of household use—a hammer, a pair of tongs, a shovel; and the moment the police swooped down out came the "arms." The *mêlée* ended in the men racing away as fast as their strength would permit, while in the distance—crying, shouting, appealing—the terrified women completed the sordid picture.

But the most vivid memory of the first trade war in which I was forced to figure is the memory of the recruiting for the Army. When the struggle had been going on for some time recruiting sergeants came from all parts of the country to Lancashire.

I can see one now, a fine, healthy-looking man, standing amidst a group of pale-faced, hungry factory lads.

Some Took the Shilling.

"Getting tired of starving, I reckon, aye?" he says jauntily. "Why not take the shilling? Come where this is never thought of." And he waves his cane in the direction of the silent mills.

"Plenty of good food, my bonny boys, and smart clothes that fetch the lasses, and pocket money, and no cotton wars, I tell you, no cotton wars."

He smacks his cane smartly against his trousers then spins a shilling into the air.

"Come on," he says. "Come on. Who's first? To the first one I'll give an extra tanner and he can take it home to get his mother some grub."

But few of the lads took the money home. They knew that their parents' hearts would be well-nigh broken at the news.

Vivid memories all. And most vivid of all is the memory of the cause of the trouble, which I believe was five per cent. Five per cent.!

As I say, I was not old enough to understand then who was right and who was wrong. But I was old enough to wonder why children who had no part in bringing on the dispute should be compelled to take a share of the penalties.

MY IDEAL OF A LOVE LETTER.

BY PHYLLIS DARE.

IT is very difficult to say what the ideal love-letter should be like, because so much depends upon the circumstances in which it is written.

Generally speaking, a man's love-letter should be bold and straight to the point, while a woman's should be more mystical and poetic in character.

Personally, I think that most people get far too sentimental when they sit down to write to their sweethearts, and the consequence is that they say a great many things that they do not really mean. The result is that most love-letters are more silly than true expressions of feeling.

If engaged couples would only make up their minds to write sensibly and reasonably to one another instead of wasting reams of notepaper over stupid "gush," there would probably be fewer unhappy marriages than there are at present.

It is of the utmost importance that two people who are going to get married should know one another thoroughly beforehand. How can they hope to do so if they always write to one another as though they were hypnotised and mentally blind into the bargain?

Briefly, the ideal love-letter should be short, affectionate in tone, but quite devoid of "gush," and should contain quite as much commonsense as superlative terms of endearment.

Do you admire the famous comedian Harry Lauder? Everyone says he is inimitable. But there's one thing you can do just as well as he. He has just signed our Petition to Parliament to stop fines in factories and workshops. You can do that, too! Will you, please?

UNMISTAKABLY, he was a Yankee, and the snail-like movements of the train irritated him almost beyond endurance.

Loudly he remonstrated with the guard.

"Slow?" said that worthy, stung to retort. "Do you want the train to fly? If you don't like the speed, then get out and walk!"

"Walk?" drawled the Yankee. "Oh, I'm not in such a hurry as all that!"

TOYS FOR GROWN UPS.

MR. H. G. WELLS, the famous author, who has recently been telling how he plays at bricks and tin soldiers with his children, is not by any means the only adult celebrity who is fond of toys.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt once had a large rag doll that used to "sleep" in her own bedroom every night. This doll was used on the stage to represent a real baby, but Madame grew so fond of it that it had a place of honour in her own sleeping apartment.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has a remarkable collection of Japanese dolls. For the use of these he has had constructed a beautiful little toy theatre, and occasionally he makes the dolls perform upon its stage after the fashion of marionettes.

In Vienna a regular trade is done in elegantly-dressed dolls that are purchased by Society women. These dolls are carved by hand after models by well-known artists, and they often fetch as much as three guineas each.

Their costumes are most beautifully made, and no two are alike in face or figure. Many of these handsome toys are exported to America where, now that fashionable belles have grown tired of "Teddy bears," they command a ready sale.

Many Society women in Paris keep dolls and also toy dogs and other animals, and just before the death of Caran D'Ache, the celebrated artist, both French men and French women used to buy the wooden dolls which he had designed, and which were usually caricatures of notable people.

Money, Watches, Penknives, Briar Pipes, Stylo Pens, and Scissors offered in this week's footlines.

'Panto' Boys and Girls

SPLOSH!

THIS is Mr. Will Evans' first appearance in pantomime at Drury Lane, but as "Potterini, the Last of the Pierrots," he has very quickly "made good."

He tells a story of a small boy who came home one day in a rather dishevelled state.

"Tommy," exclaimed his mother, "you've been fighting again!"

"Well," said Tommy in self defence, "the boy next door was cheeky."

"That was no reason for fighting. You should have remembered that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and you should have given him a soft answer."

"I did," said Tommy. "I threw a ripe tomato at him."

HIS APPLE.

THE owner of a big clothing shop was showing Mr. Evans over his premises once, and afterwards they went into the owner's private room. Here Mr. Evans saw an apple inshrined in a crystal casket.

"What do you keep that apple there for?" he asked.

"Oh, purely for sentimental reasons!" was the reply. "It typifies my business, so to speak, and the fortune I've made in it."

"I can't see the connection."

"Can't you?" said the other. "Why, man, if the original apple hadn't been eaten the clothing business wouldn't have been of much account to-day!"

IN THE 'ORSPITAL.

ANOTHER of Mr. Evans' stories is about an office-boy who had been away from the office ill. When he went back again he found another boy installed in his place.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," said his employer, "but I had to get somebody to do your work while you were away, and the new boy is so satisfactory that I don't like sacking him."

"But I've always worked hard, sir," Johnny replied.

"Yes, I know, I've no fault to find with either of you," said the "boss," "so you must settle it between you which is to have the place."

Next day a dreadful object stuck its head round the corner of his door. Its eyes seemed to have disappeared, but it had three times the usual amount of nose, and there were innumerable bits of sticking plaster sprinkled all over.

"Great Scott! Who are you?"

"I'm Johnny," was the triumphant reply. "I've settled with Joe; he's in the 'orspital!"

HIS LEISURE HOURS.

ANOTHER favourite at the "Lane" is Miss Daisy Dormer, so delightful as "Zaza."

She was chatting with an old horse-omnibus driver once, and in the course of the conversation, she asked him: "What are your hours?"

"Well, you see, miss, it's like this," he said. "I comes on dooty at six in the mornin'. I gets my 'osses, and out I goes with the 'bus. I 'as 'alf an hour for my dinner about two, and I goes on till 'alf-past eleven at night. Then I takes the 'bus back to the yard, 'ands the 'osses over to the yard-man, an' goes 'ome. *Then I 'as the rest o' the day to myself!*"

A BIT TOO SHREWD.

ONE of the best of the provincial pantomimes, *Little Red Riding Hood*, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, has Mr. Harry Lauder as its brightest star, and as Simple Sanny Shaw he is very, very funny. By the way, Mr. Harry Lauder has just signed our Petition to Parliament to stop Fining in Factories and Workshops

As his friends know very well, Mr. Lauder has a mine of good Scotch stories. He was telling a story recently about an old Scotchman who, though without the slightest trace of education, made a large fortune in America mainly through his native shrewdness. Some of the American business men with whom he had dealings were rather annoyed that such an illiterate man should get the better of them in business deals, and one day one of them said rather impatiently, "Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. I don't believe you can even spell 'bird'?"

"B-u-r-d," Duncan spelled slowly.

The American's eye gleamed. "If you'd had to spell to make a living you'd have been bankrupt years ago. I'll bet you a hundred dollars you can't spell 'bird' in three attempts."

"I'll tak' ye," said Duncan, and the money was put up.

"Now, spell it," said the American.

"B-i-r-d," said Duncan.

"That ain't the way you spelled it the first time," was the annoyed comment

"Na," said Duncan, with a satisfied grin, "but I wisna bettin' then."

DIDN'T PLEASE UNCLE.

MR. LAUDER tells a story of a young Scotchman who married an English lady, and some time afterwards he paid a visit to a bachelor uncle in Scotland.

"Weel, Sandy, I hear ye hae gotten a wife," said the old man.

"Yes, uncle."

"What can she dae?"

"Do? What do you mean?"

"Weel," the uncle went on, "can she sew an' knit? Does she mend your claes?"

"No," the young man admitted.

"Humph!" commented the uncle, "Weel, does she cook? Can she mak' parritch?"

"Oh, no, uncle!" the young man explained. "The servants do all these things. But you should hear her sing, uncle. She has the most beautiful voice you ever heard."

"Sing!" repeated the old man scornfully. "Man, could ye no hae gotten a canary?"

LONG ENOUGH.

MR. GEORGE ROBEY has a capital part as Dame Clara in *Puss in Boots* at the Royal Court, Liverpool, and he certainly makes the most of it.

He was telling a story the other day about a man who came into a dog show leading a most disreputable dog by a length of rope.

"Where's the judge?" he demanded.

"What do you want the judge for?' 'asked an attendant.

"Want to show my dorg," said the man.

"Show that?" grinned the other. "Why, you surely don't think that weird object is going to take a prize?"

"Why not?" demanded the offended owner.

"Oh, well," said the attendant, "his legs are enough, without anything else. Why, man, they're miles too short!"

"Too short!" retorted the dog's owner fiercely. "Too short? What more do you want? They touch the ground, don't they?"

TASTED GOOD, ANYWAY.

THE Kennington pantomime is always good, and this year they have Jack Pleasants to liven things up as the Page in *Cinderella*.

Jack is, of course, a Bradford man, and one of his best stories is about a mill-hand who was very fond of a particular kind of boiled pudding that his wife made specially well. One day she told him she would be out when he came home, but that she would make one of his favourite puddings before she went, and leave it in a pan for him to help himself.

When she came back at night she asked: "Well, did ye find t' puddin'?"

"Ay, aw fun' it reet enuff; an', lass, it were a stunner, the best tha's ever made."

"Where's t' clout that were round it?" she asked.

Her husband gulped. "Clout?" he said slowly. "Were there a clout on?"

He had eaten it.

THE LIMIT.

IF the "Beanstalk" Giant at the Grand, Leeds, *has* to be killed, it is admitted on all hands that he couldn't get a nicer "Jack" to do it than Miss Lulu Valli.

Miss Valli tells a story of a particularly affectionate couple who had only been engaged a few days. He called one evening as usual, and by actual count he kissed her one hundred and eighty-three times in the course of the first hour. When he stopped the tears came to her eyes.

"Oh, John!" she cried reproachfully, "you have ceased to love me!"

"No," John gasped—"no, I haven't—but I must breathe!"

? ? ?

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. One of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for any other paragraph used. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown this week is won by A. P. Summers, 24 Oliver Road, Smethwick.

HOW?

How can 100 be expressed by writing the same figure six times over?

Solution below.

NEWS ITEMS.

A GREAT composer—Sleep.
A capital thing—Cash.
Deerstalking—Pretty girls conversing.
Sound logic—Arguing through the telephone.
Stakeholders—Butchers.
The oldest settler in the west—The sun.

TRAGEDY.

SCHOTT and Willing did engage in duel fierce and hot,
Schott shot Willing willingly and Willing he shot Schott;
The shot Schott shot made Willing quite a spectacle to see,
Whilst Willing's willing shot went right through Schott's anatomy.

A TEASER.

A WOMAN was going to market with her stock when she was stopped by a man who asked her how much she wanted for her twenty geese.

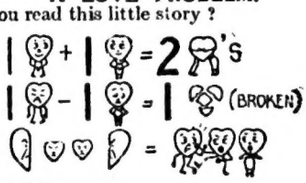
She answered: "I haven't got twenty, but if I had as many again as I have now and half as many, and two and a half, I should have twenty."

How many geese had the woman to start with?

Solution below.

A LOVE PROBLEM.

CAN you read this little story?



Solution below.

CATCHY.

THERE were five eggs on a plate and five persons sat down to breakfast. Each person took an egg, and yet one egg was left on the plate.

What is the answer to this?

Solution below.

LIMERICKS THREE.

THERE was a young maiden of Leigh,
A talented lady was sheigh;
She baked some mincepies
As a pleasant surprise
For her beau who was coming to teigh.

But when the youth tasted her dough,
He groaned out a terrible "Ough!"
In anguish he bawled,
Then the doctor she cawled,
To see what ailed Mabel's beau sough.

Said the doctor in accents most gruff,
"I'm afraid this young man's had it ruff!"
Cried Mabel, "Oh, my!
He had only one py!"
Quoth the doctor, "Hope's off! That's enuff!"

Solutions.

HOW?

$99^{99}_{99} = 100.$

A TEASER.

THE answer to this is 7.

A LOVE PROBLEM.

ONE heart plus one heart = Two loving hearts.
One heart minus one heart = A broken heart.
One heart divided by two hearts = Trouble.

CATCHY.

ONE person took the plate and the egg.

Now you old readers of "Pearson's Weekly"! Can you give me—

RETIRED COMIC SONGS.

What Becomes of the Good Old Favourites.

THIS is the time of the year when the best of the music-hall songs are being popularised all over the kingdom by the pantomime artistes. Thousands of staid persons who would scorn the idea of going to a music-hall gladly patronise the pantomimes—which are, of course, acted by music-hall artistes—and thus learn how to hum and whistle the favourite songs of the year.

Each year produces its own favourites, and it is interesting to recall the subsequent fate of discarded favourites. The Russian Government, for example, purchased all the rights in the music of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and it is still part of the repertory of every Russian band.

The raging favourite of a generation ago, "Get Your Hair Cut!" was the principal item in the programme of a revolutionary band in South America, and as this party gained the presidency it can be said with truth that the victor was placed in power with the help of "Get Your Hair Cut," a tune still whistled by small boys when they espy long-haired persons in the streets.

Everybody knows something about that famous song, "Fighting with the 7th Royal Fusiliers," now an important part of the musical records of the British Army. In a book of "War Songs," General Sir Ian Hamilton declares that this song resulted in hundreds of recruits joining the Army, and so many were anxious to join the 7th Fusiliers that "the authorities could easily, had they so chosen, have raised several additional battalions."

"Soldiers of the Queen" Died.

The War Office bought the rights of the song, and it is one of the first pieces learned by every Army musician.

Leslie Stuart's great song, "Soldiers of the Queen," which was introduced to the public at a London music-hall, suffered an eclipse when Queen Victoria died. Mr. Stuart, who wrote the words as well as composed the music, made the necessary verbal alterations caused by the accession of a king, but somehow "Soldiers of the King" did not capture the fancy of the man, or boy, in the street, and it was placed on the shelf.

A year or so back Mr. George Lashwood had a song, entitled "Riding on Top of a Car," and it achieved considerable success. Canada took it up, and an enterprising Canadian brewer hired one of the local poets to praise his beer to the tune of Mr. Lashwood's song.

The poet did his work so well that the song became as popular as its beer advertisement song as it was in the original English version, and it is still sung in remote Canadian towns by men who never heard of Mr. Lashwood's version and only know it as an advertisement of somebody's beer.

There are certain songs that only succeed because of their singers. They do not become national favourites, but whilst in the repertoire of a George Robey or a Marie Lloyd, they excite enthusiasm. When the "stars" grow tired of them they are relegated to the shelf or, as is often the case, sold to minor artistes, to be featured by them at minor music-halls or public houses.

"Bill Bailey" went to Germany.

In the north, where every "Pig and Whistle" and "Red Lion" has its regular Saturday evening concert, the local favourites render many of the popular songs of bygone years. Three famous comedians in Harry Lauder, Harry Tate, and Gus Elen started their professional careers as smoking concert artistes.

Only those who travel can realise the varied life a comic or sentimental song can have. Many of the "household tunes" of recent years are still doing duty on the Continent. Only a few weeks ago Mr. P. Doubleyou sat in a German café listening to what the programme described as "the latest popular songs." To his surprise he recognised that favourite of the pantomimes of 1903, "Pansy Faces," the rage of the succeeding year, "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?" and the more recent, if almost forgotten, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

The latest report concerning that phenomenal success, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," located it in a prominent St. Petersburg theatre, where it formed the principal feature in a revue said to be introduced from Paris. This song cleared over twenty thousand pounds for its composer, and those who ought to know say that it was the most popular sentimental song ever sung in a pantomime.

OUR MOVING PICTURES

A Modern Football Match

THE STORY.

TIME: TO-DAY. SCENE: ANY CUP-TIE.

Our film depicts a tragic event in the life of Johnny Jones, football enthusiast. Bent on pleasure, he asks to be allowed to referee a cup-tie. His request is granted.

A few minutes after the start of the game Johnny Jones is horrified to see one player wilfully foul an opponent, and the victim retaliate by punching the offender on the nose.

The refereeing instinct rises within the manly breast of the would-be referee. "Now, then," he snaps, "I can't have this. Off the field you go."

Instead of obeying his orders, both teams threaten to lynch him, and they do their very best to carry out their threat. Finally, Johnny Jones emerges from the struggling mass of arms and legs and limps off to the nearest railway station.

Johnny Jones has forsaken football. Even when he watches a dog fight it recalls sad memories of how he refereed.

Laying Cables 3 Miles Deep.

Takes two and a half hours to reach the bed of the sea.

BY arrangements made by the Postmaster-General, the rates for cablegrams have been greatly lowered during the night-time. It is believed that as a result a greatly increased number of cablegrams will be sent.

Few people know what a tremendous work is the laying of a submarine cable extending for many thousands of miles. Each mile of the cable in the deep sea will weigh somewhere about a ton and a half, while each mile of the shore ends will weigh as much as twenty-eight tons.

Special ships are used for laying the cable, which is always paid out at a greater rate than the ship travels, in order to cope with the irregularities at the bottom of the sea. More than this, when the sea is deep quite a considerable time elapses before the cable reaches the bed.

When the sea is about three miles deep, and the ship is steaming at its usual rate, over two and a half hours will pass before the cable reaches the bed of the sea. At that time a point of the cable which was on the ship two and a half hours previously will be twenty-five miles in the rear of the vessel.

The paying-out process requires great care, as if the rope goes too fast the whole cable might rush out. In such a case the cable would cut through the ship as a hot knife would cut through butter.

Cables Sheathed in Stout Iron.

Hence special brakes are applied and retarding wheels are used. All the time the cable is being paid out, electricians are carefully testing it in a little laboratory on the vessel. Should anything go wrong the cable is hauled back again.

The cables themselves are specially sheathed in stout iron in order to protect the precious wires which convey the current. In some parts of the world various creatures rapidly bore their way through the cable, and so ruin it. In such a case a layer of brass tape is placed under the external iron wires.

The cable may come to damage in all manner of ways. For instance, a sword fish or a shark may make an attack upon it, and so ruin the insulation.

The shore ends are always made considerably stouter than the deep sea portion, so that they may not be damaged by ships' anchors, and what not. In the northern and southern seas the cable has to be protected against ice-floes, and in such cases linked chain armour is used.

The shore end is laid at the same time as the main cable, and will extend for a mile or two from the shore, and the two ends are spliced together.

Fishing for Broken Ends.

When an injury occurs to the cable, electricians can easily locate its exact distance from the shore. The cable-ship will steam out for this distance, and then fish for the broken ends. The ship drifts over the direction of the cable, and hooks for the broken ends by means of a grapnel.

As soon as an end is found it is hauled on board, tested, and then fastened to the end of a buoy. Then the other end is fished up, and, if found all right, is spliced on to a piece of good cable, the other end of which is spliced on to the end obtained from the buoy.

Practically all the world's cables are made in this country, the first having been made in 1857, the total length of the wire in the sheathing and core being sufficient to reach from the earth to the moon. In that case less than five miles of cable were paid out before it snapped. Next, 300 miles of cable went bang to the bottom of the ocean, and the ships had to sail back again, though eventually some 50 miles of the cable were recovered.

On the next attempt a man-of-war, containing half of the cable, nearly went to the bottom in a storm owing to the weight.

A few miles were paid out, however, when again the cable snapped. The work was started again, but after forty miles had been laid another break occurred. Still another attempt was made, which did not come to an end until a hundred miles had been paid out, and the enterprise was abandoned for the time being.

It will be seen that laying an Atlantic cable is by no means a light task.

—three funny rules for living to a hundred? Only funny rules. ☞

The Broad Arrow

Telling How a Cute Attempt to Escape from Prison was Foiled.

By T. C. BRIDGES.

The tramp of the orderlies had ceased, and behind its steel-barred gates, Blackmoor Prison was very silent. The prisoners were at their dinner, and, with the exception of the guards on duty, the warders also were enjoying their midday meal.

In Cell 63 a middle-aged man, whose dark skin and glittering black eyes proclaimed him a foreigner, was seated on his three-legged stool hungrily polishing off his Saturday meal, which consisted of a pound of potatoes, a pound of suet pudding, and a crusty roll of wholemeal bread.

He took up the roll in his thin, sinewy, brown hands and broke it in two. As he did so, a tiny twist of paper fell out on to the white deal of his table-shelf.

Like a shot he covered it with his hand, and, slipping across to the door, listened intently. There was no sound outside, and, keeping his post by the door, Otto Blitz quickly unrolled the slip and glanced through the cypher writing which closely covered it.

His jet black eyes gleamed, and a curious pulse throbbed in his temple. For a moment he stood quite still, gazing intently at the missive. Then, like a flash, he was back at his table.

With amazing speed he moved everything off it, dropped the flap, and, feeling in a tiny crack between the wood and the wall, extracted an inch length of the black lead which is used to fill an ordinary pocket pencil.

Smoothing the paper flat on the table, he began to write rapidly on the other side.

He used a similar cypher to that in which the smuggled message had been sent, and what he wrote was simply this:

"My price is my liberty. Nothing else goes, so no need to offer."

He did not sign it, and, having finished it, rolled the paper as closely as before, and, with his tin dinner-knife, wedged it into one of the two halves of the roll, taking good care that no trace of it showed.

He then ate the other half, finished his dinner, hid the pencil again, and taking up a book from the small shelf in the corner of the cell, read quietly until Warder Gregory unlocked his door and marched him out with the rest of his gang to the afternoon work on the farm.

In due course, and by methods which need not here be explained, Otto Blitz's written message reached a dingy house in a Soho back street, over the door of which was painted, in faded white letters, the legend, "Restaurant des Nations," and was opened by the proprietor—a stout, olive-faced person with a stubbly black beard, who was known as Jules Revere.

Revere scowled fiercely as he read, and thrust the note into his greasy pocket, where it remained until the last of his ordinary customers had left the stuffy dining-room.

Then he put up the shutters and walked through a narrow passage into a back room, where half a dozen men, foreigners like himself, were sitting smoking, drinking, and chatting in low voices.

All looked up as Revere entered, and a bald-headed man with thin lips and a nose like an eagle's beak said, in a harsh voice:

"Is there news, Jules?"

"Yes, I have heard," answered Revere sourly.

"What does Blitz say?"

"Read for yourself, Klein," said Revere, handing him the creased and greasy slip.

The hawk-nosed man read, and his thin lips drew to a straight line. An angry exclamation escaped him.

"Comrades," he said fiercely, "the miserable Blitz refuses our just demands."

"Refuses them?" echoed two or three voices at once.

"Yes, for his message is equal to a refusal. He demands his liberty as the price of restoring to us our own property."

Instantly everyone began to talk at once, and the uproar grew so great that Revere stepped across to the table, and, picking up an empty beer mug, banged it on the stained oilcloth for silence.

"Comrades," he said sharply, "we waste time. The situation must be faced."

"Yah, dot is true," growled a big, flaxen-haired man who was smoking a long, china-bowled pipe.

"One thing is certain," went on Revere, without noticing the interruption, "the work of our society cannot continue without funds. Our comrades abroad are calling upon us for money. Much of the sum which was banked was in the name of Otto Blitz, and the bank require his signature, witnessed by two prison officials, before they will hand us the money. The total amount is over three thousand pounds, and that is at present more completely lost to us than if it were in the pockets of one of the bloated plutocrats against whom we wage war."

He paused and glanced round. All were listening intently.

"Blitz refuses his signature unless he is set at liberty. In doing this he is breaking the oaths of our order, and will eventually pay the penalty."

A low growl came from several of the men present. It seemed to augur ill for Otto Blitz if they ever got their hands upon him.

"But that is beside the question," continued Revere, with a quick motion of his hand. "We cannot afford to wait until Blitz is released. His sentence is for life, which means that it will be fifteen or twenty years before he is allowed out on ticket-of-leave. Therefore, I say, it behoves us to set about finding means to release him."

Uproar broke out again, in the midst of which Klein's voice sounded sharp and strong. "It is impossible. No one ever yet escaped from Blackmoor."

"Nothing is impossible," retorted Revere. "And in this case Fortune favours us. Listen! In a fortnight's time Blitz will be brought from Blackmoor to London to give evidence in the case of Orloff. That should give us an opportunity."

"Wait," he went on as two or three began to speak at once. "This is my plan."

And in a few quick sentences he put it before them. Briefly, it was this:

Blitz would be allowed to see a solicitor before giving his evidence in the Orloff case. Revere proposed that one of the circle should take the place of the solicitor, and go down to Blackmoor. The interview would give him his opportunity of communication with Blitz. The rest was to be left to himself.

After a sharp discussion Revere's plan was accepted by the rest of the members of the Red Circle, and it only remained to choose by lot the one of their number who should undertake the difficult and dangerous task.

From a locked cupboard in the corner was brought a black leather bottle, the neck of which was just large enough to allow the insertion of a man's hand, and in this one black and five white balls were placed.

Then each in turn, beginning with the eldest present, came forward, dipped in his hand and took out a ball.

The first three drawn were white. The fourth was the black, and the man who drew it was the eagle-nosed Ferdinand Klein.

"The Fates have chosen well," said Revere, with a smug smile on his greasy face.

Klein scowled, but said nothing.

* * * *

If Otto Blitz felt a sudden thrill of excitement when Principal Warder Soares opened his cell door and briefly told him to follow to the visitor's room, he did not show it. There may have been a quick sparkle in his deep-set eyes, but, if so, it was gone as soon as it had come, and Soares saw nothing of it.

Soares would hardly have tramped along so quietly had he known the thoughts that were bubbling and boiling in the brain of the quiet-looking, dark-faced man beside him. So far the lifer had been a model prisoner, and had not so much as a single report to his discredit.

And yet Blitz knew perfectly well that the critical moment was approaching. He had been warned by the same underground channel through which he had received his previous letter that the supposed solicitor, whom the Governor believed to be Mr. Abraham Phipps, of the well-known firm of Sendall, Phipps, and Co., was no other than Ferdinand Klein, and that he was to hold himself ready to back up the latter in whatever means he advised for making the promised escape.

The visitor's room at Blackmoor was of fair size, bare, airy, and scantily furnished. In old days prisoners were only allowed to see their relatives with a double grating between them and a gangway up and down which a warder paraded constantly.

More humane methods now prevail, although, of course, the warder remains within the room during the whole interview.

By the bare table in the middle of the room stood, as supposed Mr. Phipps, wearing a long dark overcoat. His top hat lay upon the table with his gloves, and in his hand he carried a small black leather bag such as lawyers use for their papers. His white collar and cuffs were beautifully got up, and gold-rimmed glasses were set upon the bridge of his eagle nose.

He looked the part to perfection.

He nodded to Blitz, but did not offer to shake hands, then turning to Soares, said in a quiet voice: "I have certain papers to go through with my client. May he be allowed to see them?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Soares. "If he sits on the other side of the table from you that will be sufficient."

"Thank you. That will do excellently," said Klein politely, and as Otto Blitz took his seat on the far side of the table Klein laid his bag between them and opened it.

There was a rustle of papers. Soares gave a glance at the two, then, with a delicacy of feeling which gives him credit, turned to walk away towards the door.

Before even Blitz realised what was happening Ferdinand Klein had whipped out from the bottom of the bag an eighteen inch sand-bag, that deadly weapon beloved of the New York tough, which stuns or even kills without a sound.

Two strides, swift and silent as a panther leaping upon its prey, and lifting the sand-bag, he brought it down with terrible force full on the crown of Soares' head.

Up went the warder's arms as though galvanised, his knees gave, and he fell.

Before he could reach the ground Klein had caught him, and saved the crash of his fall. Then without a second's delay he began stripping off the warder's uniform.

Otto Blitz was hardly less rapid in gaining the side of the insensible warder, and assisting his accomplice.

"You'll wear his togs and take me out," hissed Klein "The worst is we can't hide him."

"No need. No one will come in here. Leave him behind the door. That will be all right. But how about my getting away? I can't leave the prison even in the screw's togs."

"You can walk a few yards down the road with me. I'll ask to have you show me the short cut to the station. I've got a car round by the quarry."

"Good!" said Blitz, and with the same silence and swiftness which characterised all his movements, he flung off his red and blue barred coat and the canvas breeches marked with the black broad arrow, and replaced them with the tunic and trousers of poor Soares.

There was a step at the end of the corridor. The two accomplices exchanged quick, alarmed glances.

"Sharp's the word," muttered Klein. "You'll do as you are. Come along."

Next moment they were out in the corridor, the sham warder carefully closing the door behind him.

The man whose step they had heard was Jim Gregory, in charge of that part of the prison. He saw the pair leave the visitor's room, but no suspicion of anything wrong entered his head.

At the moment he happened to be bound for the gates. He had been delayed over a sick convict who needed doctor's care, and now he was going to relieve his gang which was working on a field up the hill above the prison.

The two in front walked out through the latticed steel gate at the end of the corridor. Gregory noticed that the warder did not stop to lock this gate, but as he himself was so close behind this was only natural, and he thought no more of it.

Outside in the yard the sun had just broken through the clouds after a sharp shower, and shone brightly on the wet gravel.

There are two gates to Blackmoor prison—an inner and an outer. At the inner one, close to the gate-keeper's office, stood that official himself, waiting to see the visitor out.

Slackening his pace a little so as not to pass the two in front, Gregory was following slowly when his eye happened to rest upon a very strange mark in a patch of wet ground, from which the gravel happened to have been swept aside.

It was the mark of the broad arrow which is imprinted upon the sole of every convict's shoe.

He stiffened like a pointer on the scent of a partridge. His first impulse was to rush forward and seize the man who had left this tell-tale mark, but second thought showed him the madness of such a plan.

He realised instantly that the whole thing was a put-up and carefully-planned business, that these men were desperate, and one at least armed.

A shooting and a scandal for which the Governor would certainly not thank him would be the only result of any unaided attempt at arrest on his part.

Quickening his pace slightly, he managed to catch

£100 FOR A TITLE.

A Chance for Ingenious Readers to Make Money.

Most people with a little ingenuity can think of a title to fit a story. Here, then, is their opportunity. In the columns of the London Daily Express appears a story to which no name is given, and the Editor is offering £100 to the person who sends him the title which he considers to be the most original and appropriate.

The story itself is a remarkable one, and—apart from the chance given of making £100 for a few words—is well worth reading.

As the competition closes in a few days, you should get a copy of to-day's Express and read the story at once.

For the funniest lists I will give five watches. Mark postcards "Longeo." *(See page 736.)*

the gate-keeper's eye, and made a signal which gave him at once to understand that something was wrong.

The gate-keeper, an elderly man with plenty of experience, realised that Gregory meant him to detain the visitor.

"Will you please come in here and sign your name, sir?" he said to Klein. "It is the rule of the prison that visitors sign the book before they leave."

"All right," said Klein, with the utmost coolness, and walked straight into the little lodge. Otto Blitz waited in the doorway.

Gregory, without appearing to notice him, stepped coolly through the gate, and swinging to the right under-cover of the inner wall hurried away in the direction of the Governor's house, which lay between the inner and outer walls.

He knew that at this hour the Governor would have finished his luncheon, and be enjoying his pipe in his little study, and instead of wasting time by going to the door, he ran straight to the study window, and rapped sharply.

Captain Manson was on his feet in a moment and flung up the sash.

In a dozen words Gregory told him his suspicions.

The Governor did not waste time in asking questions. He turned to his writing-table, opened a drawer, and next moment was out through the window with a heavy service revolver gripped in his right hand.

"Gregory," he said swiftly, "keep behind me. Have your baton ready, but don't draw it unless it is needed."

Then he was off with such tremendous strides that Gregory had to run to keep up.

So quickly had Gregory's scheme been worked that the Governor and he reached the door of the lodge just as Ferdinand Klein was laying down his pen.

He turned to find himself looking down the muzzle of Captain Manson's pistol.

"Hands up!" came the stern order.

For the fraction of a second Klein hesitated, but the threat was too powerful to be resisted. With a snarl of rage and despair up went his hands.

At the same moment there was a commotion outside. Blitz, realising that the game was up, had bolted.

In an instant Gregory had him. Blitz fought like the savage he was—kicking, scratching, biting.

But Gregory back-heeled him, and, falling on him, knocked the wind out of him.

The gate-keeper's whistle shrilled, warders came running from every direction, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the mock warder and the sham lawyer were handcuffed and under guard.

Klein was tried at the assizes and got two years hard. Blitz remains at Blackmoor, and the Red Circle still laments the loss of the funds with which its members had planned the purchase of enough dynamite to deprive Europe of every King and President.

"How do you find things, my man?"

"Very dull, I'm glad to say."

"Glad? Why?"

"I'm a knife-grinder."

HE WAS AMUSED.

SHE turned her eyes upwards to him. She was a pale, interesting young girl—the kind that tall, robust men like on account of the clinging vine and sturdy oak business. She had met him at dances—but knew nothing further about him.

"Have you an ambition in life?" she asked.

"No," he answered moodily.

It was not an encouraging beginning, but she had him all alone; she had even said she didn't like to dance in order to get him into that corner. He was good-looking. Undoubtedly he was fairly well off.

"It is because you do not feel the responsibilities of life," she continued wisely. "You need something to stir you out of the humdrum of life. You need someone to make you break yourself away from your habits and all that sort of thing. Don't you think you do?"

"Yes," he answered, "I suppose I do."

"Domestic happiness is all there is in this world worth living for. I have heard ever so many people say so. Now, it is just the same with me as it is with you. I was nineteen my last birthday; and I have no responsibilities in life. Papa won't let me worry about a thing. I should be ever so much happier if I could share the trials of some noble man."

"Indeed?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Don't you agree with me?"

He did not answer. She was a trifle discouraged.

"Wouldn't you like to get married?" she asked him timidly.

"I am married," he said, with a slight undertone of surprise in his voice, and immediately thereafter a smile crept about his lips as he began to realise the humour of the situation.

£250 A WEEK

Offered in Football Skill Competition.

This Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

£1,125 IN PRIZES NOW PAID, INCLUDING THREE OF £250.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in seventeen matches to be played on Saturday, January 20th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

THE clubs whose names we give are all in the Football or Southern Leagues, and to guide you in preparing your forecasts you would be well advised to keep a record of their matches before you. The names of the players in these teams can also be ascertained, if you don't already know them.

There are many thousands of people so keenly interested in football that the doings of every prominent club and player are known to them, and the matches in which they are engaged are of as much interest to them as the news in a daily paper is to the ordinary reader.

These enthusiasts require no assistance from us in exercising their skill in choosing which they think will be the victorious teams, but to others, not conversant with the clubs and the players and their doings, we suggest that a handbook giving details of last season's play will be very helpful. The competitor who will gain is not the reader who guesses haphazard, but the one who bases his forecast on his knowledge of the capabilities of the teams.

It must be clear, therefore, to you that it is necessary to exercise a considerable amount of skill to gain the prize.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out, and each entry form must be signed by the competitor with his own name and address *in ink*. Where you forecast a *draw* don't cross out either.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL No. 21," in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, January 19th.
3. Only one coupon may be sent by each reader.
4. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
5. Should no competitor give the correct result of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and in the event of two or more matches not being played, the £250 will not be awarded.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
7. The Editor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
8. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
9. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
10. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

Pearson's Football Contest.

No. 21.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Jan 20th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Sheffield United	v Bradford City
Oldham Athletic	v Bolton Wanderers
Notts County	v Blackburn Rovers
Liverpool	v Everton
Middlesbrough	v Sheffield Wednesday
Tottenham Hotspur	v Sunderland
Gainsborough Trinity	v Grimsby Town
Leicester Fosse	v Notts Forest
Stockport County	v Bristol City
Leeds City	v Clapton Orient
Wolverhampton Wan	v Chelsea
Burnley	v Hull City
Stoke	v Coventry City
West Ham United	v Plymouth Argyle
Millwall	v Reading
Luton	v Exeter City
Bristol Rovers	v Southampton

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named club.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 17.

IN this contest the prize of £25 for forecasts of the results of matches played on December 23rd, has been divided by J. W. Blake, 11 Cobbold Street, Ipswich, and A. Barish, 29 Lydia Ann Street, Liverpool, who had each only two results incorrect.

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 18.

THE prize of £25 for the results of matches played on December 30th, has been divided by the following competitors, who had each only one incorrect result: S. H. Freeman, Church Street, Heybridge, Maldon; G. Waterhouse, 34 Elmham Road, Darnall, Sheffield; F. Morgan, 41 Courtenay Street, Cheltenham; J. W. Wood, 350 Burnley Road, Waterfoot, Manchester; P. Forbes, 260 Craig Street, Glasgow; P. Hayes, 3 Christy's Buildings, Lower Yellow Road, Waterford; Mrs. Hurd, 37 Manor Road, Luton; J. Collin, 14 Mount Pleasant, Crook, Darlington; J. V. Jones, 209 Primrose Hill, Blackwell, Alfreton; and H. E. Hayes, 60 Ashley Lane, Morton, Manchester.

WHAT WINNERS SAY.

Mr. F. Barnfield, 4 Finsbury Street, Sudden, Rochdale, winner of £250 in this Football Competition, writes:

"I have in my possession one of your 'Football Annuals,' and consider it an excellent guide and a great help."

Other winners who recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," are as follows:

Mr. J. Hindmarch, 18 Beach Street, Sunderland, winner of £125.

Mr. G. E. Pepper, 24 Station Parade, Norbury, winner of £25.

Mr. J. Lively, 57 The Side, Newcastle-on-Tyne, winner of £25.

Mr. A. Harrison, 3 Bream Street, Old Ford, winner of £25.

Mr. F. Tilby, 14 Hamilton Mews, St. John's Wood Road, winner of £12 10s.

Mr. W. J. Smart, 88 Bridport Road, Upper Edmonton, winner of £6 5s.

Mr. A. Hooker, White Horse, Fetter Lane, Holborn, winner of £6 5s.

"Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d., may be obtained, post free 4d., from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

"Do you know why a clergyman is like a carpenter?" There are many excellent reasons. ☞

HE PAYS THE KING.

All About the Man who Bosses Britain's Most Important Building.

VISITORS to London find it hard to believe that a certain insignificant and almost shabby-looking building in Whitehall is in reality the most important office in the kingdom. If any one of the many palaces in Whitehall were to close its doors confusion would doubtless follow, but it would be nothing like the complete paralysis of national life that would result from a strike in the office of the Paymaster-General.

The name of the Department, like its exterior, is deceptive. For about the only Government official who has absolutely no interest or concern in its activities is the Paymaster-General himself.

He has even less to do with it than the smallest Government pensioner, for the political post is purely honorary, the sole duty of the Paymaster-General being to sign a paper authorising his deputy to make payments, and for this task he receives no salary.

It is the Deputy Paymaster-General who matters. He it is who pays everyone who is entitled to money from the nation, from the King to the old age pensioner. And for disbursing some ninety millions pounds per annum this official receives the comparatively insignificant salary of eleven hundred pounds.

Payment is not made by cheque, but by documents which are called "negotiable receipts." Every quarter one of these documents, filled in to the amount of £2,500, is forwarded to the Paymaster of the Household, who acknowledges it and transfers it to the private banking account of King George.

In the same way Government officials and pensioners receive their "screw," though the former are for the most part paid monthly.

Very extensive precautions have to be taken against impersonation and bogus claims. Attempts to defraud the Government are many, but happily successes are few.

ANOTHER "PARROT'S" CONTEST.

SIMPLE AND EASY. **£10 IN PRIZES.** TRY THIS WEEK AND WIN.

YOUNG Algernon has been reading about Society's bob-sleighing in Switzerland. He has made a sleigh or toboggan for himself, and in the picture you see him careering down hill amongst pedestrians.

As usual, our ubiquitous Parrot was on the scene, and we invite you to tell us in a last line to the verse below what the Parrot remarked as he witnessed young Algernon's exploits.

This last line that you add need not rhyme nor scan with any of the other lines of the verse, but it may not contain more than six words, nor fewer than three, and should have some bearing on the rest of the verse.

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

Young Algernon thought it great fun
To slide down the hill on a sleigh;
As he dashed through the traffic in style,
The Parrot was then heard to say:
. . . . . .

An example last line, which must not be used, might read as follows: "*Mother soon won't know him.*"

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write the Parrot's comment on a postcard, and address it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. If you like, you may inclose your postcard in an envelope.
2. Mark your postcard "Sleigh" on the top left-hand corner. Attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, January 18th.
3. To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In addition, ten consolation gifts of 10s. each will be awarded to the competitors whose efforts come next in merit.
4. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

(Result of "Goose" Parrot Contest will be found on Page 3 of Cover.)

DYEING LIVING TREES.

They Can be Coloured with any Stain You L

EVERY housewife is familiar with the u the stain-pot. For putting new life into a l case, a floor-border, or a medicine-case it h equals. But the process is very artificial; a a result, the wood rarely has a "nat appearance.

This difficulty has now been overcome, for a method has been invented of staining the tre that the wood goes ready tinged to the saw-

Any reader who has a garden of his own can the experiment, for the process is remark simple. First, a narrow groove is cut r the tree, just deep enough to expose the w underneath the bark.

Next a cord is fitted into the groove in such a as to exclude the air completely from the w Being thus firmly secured, one end of the cor placed in a covered can containing a dye of requisite colour.

The cord absorbs the dye, which is, in t absorbed by the wood of the tree. As every ro knows, in the wood of the tree are a numb tiny channels, just like the arteries and vei the human body, and these convey the s throughout the trunk.

The solution of stain must, of course, be ren until the wood is dyed to the requisite tinge: you can see how you are "getting on" by bo small holes at various points in the trunk.

Care must be taken to fill up these holes a (cement or putty will do) or the damp will ge the tree, and rot will result.

Of course the stain does not spread equally: of the wood will be more deeply stained than ot But the result is very beautiful, for the unever is toned down by extremely delicate shading.

Different kinds of trees take different kind dyes more readily than others. But the ge principle is that the tree will most re absorb dyes that are prepared from the col extracts of other trees.

WANTED, 150 GUESTS.

ONE HUNDRED FOR ENGLISH CUP FINAL.

P.W. is selecting 100 readers to view the final football match for the English Cup, which takes place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 20th. This is a prize well worth trying for, for in addition to paying for the admission of these *P.W.* readers to seats in the grounds, where our guests may view the match in comfort, we are also bearing the full expense of their visit to London. Our offer, therefore, includes:

Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.

Hot Breakfast.

A Drive in a char-a-banc round London.

Hot dinner at 12 o'clock.

A Drive to the Crystal Palace.

Admission to the Palace.

Five shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.

A Drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.

Substantial Tea.

A trip like that will make a real jolly, red-letter day in your lives, so don't fail to try for it now.

In the next column you will find full particulars of what you have to do in order to take part in this outing.

This week four free tickets—two pairs—for the English Cup Final are offered for the best Football Snapshots on "Notts For**EST**," the name of one of the best known Second Division League clubs.

The names of the winners of the first tickets to view the English Cup Final will be found on page 3 of cover.

HOW TO MAKE FOOTBALL SNAPSHOTS.

To make a Football Snapshot, you take the name of Notts For**EST** if you wish to try for Cup Final tickets; or St. Mir**REN** if you wish International Tickets, and make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be the last three letters of the name you have chosen. You may use the three letters in any order you like if it will help you to make a better sentence or phrase. It is this sentence or phrase that is called a Football Snapshot.

EXAMPLE OF A FOOTBALL SNAPSHOT.

Supposing you were given the club FULHAM, here is an example which will show at a glance how to make a Football Snapshot:—Club: FUL**HAM**. Football Snapshot: ARE MAKING HEADWAY.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form, get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed.
2. Envelopes, with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Forest" on the top left-hand corner, and those for Scottish International, "St. Mirren." All attempts must be posted to arrive not later than Thursday, January 18th.
3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses they give, to view the English Cup Final or the Scottish International.
4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
5. The published decision is final and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

You will notice that we are awarding the tickets in pairs. This is to enable you to take a friend with you so that your visit to London or Glasgow may be the more enjoyable.

ENTRY FORM. FOOTBALL SNAPSHOTS. 18 1 12.

Write your three words clearly in ink.

.....

.....

I agree to abide by the conditions and to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

This coupon is available for either English or Scottish contest.

FIFTY FOR SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL.

In addition to taking 100 readers to the English C Final, we are arranging for the admission of 50 reader view the International Football Match between Scot and England, to be played at Glasgow, on Satur March 23rd. As in the case of our English Cup t everything will be done to give our Scottish guests a good time. We propose to defray all the expens as follows:

Free return railway ticket from any part of Scotland to Glasgow.

A drive round Glasgow.

Three-course dinner at twelve o'clock.

A drive to the football field.

Five Shilling Seat in Grand Stand to witness match.

A drive back from the football field.

Substantial Tea.

This competition is open only to those domiciled in Scotland. As the International Match between Scotl and England is the biggest game of the year north the Border, our offer will appeal to every Scott reader who wishes to see this battle of the football gian in comfort.

In the second column you will find full particulars what you have to do to win one of these free trips.

This week two free tickets—one pair—for the Scott International Match are offered for the best Footb Snapshot on "St. Mir**REN**," the name of one of the popular West of Scotland football clubs.

One, for example, is, "Because he is a good joiner." I want better than that, however.

Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

THE KIDNAPPER.

PINCHER was busily engaged in scraping out the bowl of his pipe, a certain sign that he was about to make a demand upon my tobacco pouch.

"I wouldn't take a nursemaid's job," he said slowly, *apropos* of nothing. "I wouldn't take on a nursemaid's job not for no money!"

"You're scarcely likely to be tempted," I said.

"Ah," said Pincher, and scraped on in silence until the holding capacity of his pipe had been doubled, when he made the expected request for a "pinch" of tobacco.

"You were mentioning something about nursemaids," I reminded him as I passed the pouch.

"It's a woman's work," he said; "men ain't got no right to meddle with kids; it always makes a man look a fool. Fancy seein' a picture of Napoleon nursin' a squallin' baby; he wouldn't look no hero. He'd lose his reputation at one go. It's the bloomin' baby wot would look the conqueror an' Napoleon would look a blanked fool!"

"But what does all this lead up to?" I asked.

"I never knew anyone so impatient as you, guv'nor," said the little man reproachfully. "I've got a lot of good sayin's like that, even cleverer some of 'em, but you don't give me a chance to chuck 'em off my chest. Still, if you'll give me somethin' to moisten my throat so to speak, I'll tell you the story. Kidnapper, that's wot I was, guv'nor."

"Kidnapper!"

"Yes, kidnapper—one wot sneaks a kid!"

I assured him I was not asking for a definition of the word and passed the decanter across to him.

"It was like this," he said, having helped himself liberally. "I'd gone to a little town in Sussex, quiet little place, but with some good houses round about, an' I'd gone to investigate, so to speak. Lor', it was a sleepy hole, an' a fussy sergeant of police, havin' nothin' to do but make a nuisance of himself, went an' arrested me for loiterin' with intent to commit a felony. The next mornin' I come before the Bench of magistrates.

"Well, guv'nor, I talked pretty to 'em; I explained as how I'd been took queer an' when the sergeant had arrested me I'd been leanin' against the railin's of the house thinkin' I'd faint if I moved. The police hadn't had time to find out much about me, an' a red-faced cove with white whiskers told me the Bench thought there was a doubt, an' they'd give me the benefit of it.

"So I thanked him politely, thinkin' how lucky it wasn't a London police court, where they're always too inquisitive, an' left the court as soon as possible, meanin' to quit the bloomin' town at once as the fools had ruined all my plans, but I hadn't been walkin' for long before I spotted that I was bein' followed.

"At first I thought it was a 'tec., but when I saw it was a long-haired bloke in a Inverness coat an' soft felt 'at, I knew I was wrong, for he was just the sorter-lookin' chap that they make 'tecs out to be in books, an' there never was a 'tec. that looked like that.

"So I waited for him to catch me up, wonderin' wot his little game was.

"'Pardon me,' he says most politely, 'but can I have a word with you?'

"'Go ahead,' I says.

"He gave a nervous look round.

"'Not here,' he says. 'Will you do me the honour of lunchin' with me at the hotel opposite?'

"Well, guv'nor, as I told you, I was anxious to get out of the bloomin' town, but I didn't like the idea of missin' a free lunch, an' then a man doesn't ask a stranger to have a bit of grub unless he's got some good reason for it, an' I thought there might be somethin' doin', so I accepted sharp, before he had time to change his mind.

"He took me by the arm an' led me across the road to the hotel, where he was evidently well known for everyone was wonderful civil an' attentive to him, an' soon we were sittin' in a corner of the coffee room, havin' as good a feed as I've ever had outside London, and when it was over the long-haired cove, who I saw by then had a wonderful prosperous look about him, ordered coffee an' cigars, an' told the waiter we should not need him to remain.

"Things were evidently slack in the hotel, for we had the room to ourselves, and the toff, after sippin' his coffee in a nervous manner, leant across the table an' looked at me in a cunnin' sorter way.

"'Now, we'll get to business,' he says. 'My name is Rudolph Lomer—at least, that's the name I'm known by here, an' that is good enough for you to know me by, though my real name would startle you. I suppose, like the rest of the world, you bow down an' worship money?'

"'Yes,' says I, not quite seein' the drift of things, 'if there's enough of it.'

"'There will be enough an' to spare if you accomplish the task I shall set you,' he says, in a curious sorter voice. 'If you can secure the child, you're fortune will be made.'

"'Wot child?' I says, took aback.

"'Listen,' says he, an' then speakin' in a low, excited voice he told me that for years he had been seekin' revenge against a man wot had robbed him, but up to now he'd never been able to get it. The man had got a young baby, an' he reckoned if he could collar that, he'd have a fine revenge He'd dropped into the court casual like, an' hearin' about a few little jobs I'd done, he reckoned I was the man he wanted.

"'Well,' I says, 'pinchin' kids ain't in my line, but wot's it worth?'

"'If you can secure the baby and deliver it safely to me, I'll give you two thousand pounds,' he says.

"First I thought he was jokin', guv'nor, but he looked quite serious. Of course, it wasn't for me to suggest that he should go an' buy the kid an' save half his money. My only doubt was whether he had the money or not.

"'Well,' I says to him, 'you're offerin' good pay, an' I've never known a man offer good pay unless he wanted somethin' precious difficult done. I shall be takin' a big risk, an' I must have something on account.'

"'Certainly,' he says, an' pulls out a cheque-book an' a fountain-pen. 'Here is a cheque for a thousand pounds on account, and you shall have the balance when you deliver the baby into my hands. You need not worry about it; it will be well cared for and returned to its parents when I consider the father has been sufficiently punished.'

"I wasn't worryin' about the kid, but I was worryin' about somethin' else, an' when I left him after findin' that the house from which I was to pinch the kid was on the outskirts of the town, a place called The Chase, an' owned by a Colonel Hagan, I went into a little pub to have a smoke an' think things over, so to speak.

"The cheque the chap had given me was drawn on a good London bank, an' I'd read of rich men stickin' at nothing to get their own way, so there was no reason to think it was a dud one. Wot it came to was this: Should I be satisfied with wot I'd got an' quit, or should I see the thing through an' earn another thousand quid? I wasn't keen on havin' anythin' to do with kidnappin', for it's a ticklish business, an' if you're copped you get it hot; on the other hand, I didn't like the idea of chuckin' away a thousand quid.

"If there'd been time to get to London before the bank closed I might have been content with what I'd got, but I couldn't; the earliest train I could catch wouldn't have got me up until half-past five, an' as the cove could easily have stopped the cheque if he thought I was playin' any trick on him, I decided to see the thing through, an' between eleven and twelve that night I entered The Chase by the scullery window.

"I'd studied the place carefully earlier in the night, an' my toff pal had given me a few particulars as to the rooms, so I knew the kid slept in the nursery, while the nurse slept in a little room which adjoined it. Everyone was in bed an' all the lights out, but usin' the electric torch I'd brought down from London I had no difficulty in findin' my way upstairs, an' very gently I walked into the nursery.

"I'd been tempted to have a go for a few more valuable things than the kid, but with another thousand quid comin' to me if things went right, I didn't care to take any risk. I wanted to get the job over.

"There was a light burnin' low in the room, an' I at once spotted the kid sleepin' peaceful in a cot, an' I never felt so nervous in my life, guv'nor, as I did when I walked into that nursery.

"I knew the job had got to be done quick, for the kid was certain to howl if he woke an' spotted me.

"'Out you come,' I says to myself, drivin' my hand under the bed-clothes, meanin' to take the whole bloomin' bundle, but it seemed like tryin' to carry a bloomin' jelly w'en your hand's shaky, an' then, before I could say Jack Robinson, or even the shorter word more suitable to the occasion, the kid started to yell, and a female appeared at the door that led into the other room, an' gave a mighty shriek.

"I knew if I was to get clear away I'd got to do it at once, an' I bolted, leavin' a bundle of squallin' humanity that ought to have been worth a thousand quid to me, but there was no time to tackle a puzzle like that cot, an' I couldn't carry the whole blanked thing with me.

"'Shut up, you fool, or I'll kill you!' I says to the nurse wot had got a shriek even worse than the kid's, then I bolted from the room. On the stairs I met the red-faced, white-whiskered cove who had let me off that mornin', an' I knew he must be Colonel Hagan, the father of the two-thousand-quid baby. Fortunately, my eyes were more used to the darkness than his, an' I charged right into him. The candle he was carryin' went first, an' we followed it down a flight of stairs. Bells were ringin' now, an' the place was in an uproar, but I was up first an' out of the scullery window before the old boy could recover hisself.

"Well, guv'nor, I knew that I daren't go back to the town, not even to get my togs from my diggin's, an' the rest of that blanked cold night I was trampin' along lonely roads to a big seaside town, where I hung about until just before the early mornin' train to London was due to start, dreadin' every moment that a bobby would tap me on the shoulder.

"But I got to London all right, an' made straight for the bank, feelin' that after all I'd done jolly well, unless the mysterious toff had stopped the cheque. The cashier cove was very polite, asked me how I would take the money, an' so on, then he disappeared. Presently back he came with a grey-whiskered cove, an' I'd have quitted at once if it hadn't been for the big porter standin' at the door.

"'I'm sorry I can't pay this cheque,' said Whiskers, wot was evidently the manager; 'it needs the indorsement of our customer's solicitor. I will send it to him.'

"Then he told me that Mr. Rudolph Lomer was a very wealthy man but queer in his napper, not exactly balmy, you know, but touched, an' he had a mania for givin' strangers huge sums of money for some service real or imaginary, so that no cheque drawn by him was paid until his solicitor had verified it. Harmless lunatic who did not need to be kept under control, the manager called him, but I think different, an' if Colonel Hagan knew the truth about the attempt to kidnap his baby, I reckon he'd think so, too.

"I never went back to find out if the solicitor indorsed the cheque, an' fancy there's people as are disappointed I didn't!

"The affair created a deal of excitement in the town, the old buffer I pushed over on the stairs declarin' to the newspapers that he'd been attacked and knocked down by three armed burglars, and I suppose he was quite a hero in the place for a bit."

(Another of Pincher's Yarns Next Week.)

"The kid started to yell, and the woman gave a mighty shriek."

For the best reasons I will give five "P. W." Penknives. Mark postcards "Joiner." *(See page 736.)*

Better than Blankets

Odd Methods of Other Folk to Keep Out the Cold

THOUGH some people will pooh-pooh the suggestion, England doesn't really know what it is to be cold. But even the little drop in the thermometer we experience now and then makes people get up to all sorts of dodges to keep warm.

But where it really is cold, those are the places to go in order to find out dodges for keeping warm. Necessity is the mother of invention, and some of the inventions for keeping warm are really ingenious.

Look at the Thibetan gentleman in the first picture, for instance. He comes from the north of Thibet, where the cold is absolutely the limit.

In Thibet the cold is so intense that every native wears a brazier of hot coals round his loins.

Fierce biting winds make this cold far worse than any cold we get in Britain. In fact, the coldest night in Britain is warm and cosy in comparison.

The ingenious Thibetan is, however, ready to face the lowest temperatures. Round his loins there is fixed a queer kind of steel basket or brazier. Inside this brazier are hot coals. The ordinary man over here would get roasted to death. In Thibet, however, the cold is so intense, that this ingenious arrangement only serves to give a gentle glow in the small of the back.

Most Thibetans who use these braziers to keep themselves warm ultimately die of cancer.

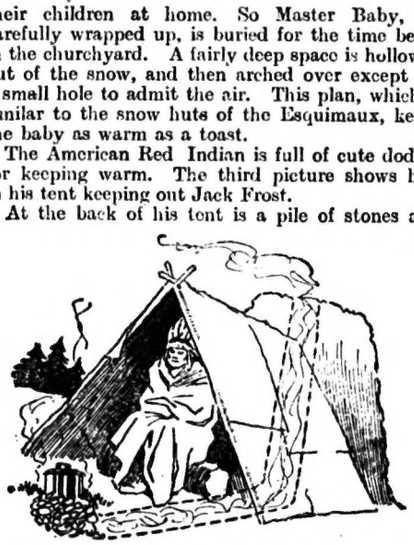
The second picture shows the way Norwegian parents look after their babies when they go to church. The people of Norway are most devout church-goers, and it is not always possible to leave

Keeping the Baby Warm in Norway.
Parents, when going to church, hollow out a bed in the snow for their children.

their children at home. So Master Baby, all carefully wrapped up, is buried for the time being in the churchyard. A fairly deep space is hollowed out of the snow, and then arched over except for a small hole to admit the air. This plan, which is similar to the snow huts of the Esquimaux, keeps the baby as warm as a toast.

The American Red Indian is full of cute dodges for keeping warm. The third picture shows him in his tent keeping out Jack Frost.

At the back of his tent is a pile of stones and



A Cute Red Indian Dodge.
The wise Red man digs a tunnel running right under his tent. This acts as a chimney to the fire he lights at one end.

turf, hollow inside. This serves as a chimney for his fire. Underneath his tent is dug a little tunnel leading from this chimney to the fire. The fire itself is placed in front of the tent. By this means the heat is not only in front of the tent, but underneath and at the back of it, and Eagle Feather sleeps as comfortably and as cosily as possible.

When out hunting, the Red Indian adopts another method of keeping warm. It is a curious thing that he doesn't mind the cold so much if he can keep his feet warm. The dodge shown in the fourth picture was originally used when Indians were on the war-path and when it was necessary to keep still for hours on end.

A deep hole is dug in the ground and in it is lighted a fire of charcoal. As charcoal gives off no smoke or flame, they did not fear being discovered by the enemy. At the same time they were kept warm during their long vigil. This buried fire is now often used by sportsmen on the watch for game.

In Siberia the cold is so great that many of the people sleep as much as possible during the winter.

For Red Indian Hunters.
When waiting for their game they dig a big trench, build in it a charcoal fire, and get the benefit of the rising heat.

They make their bed up on large flat stoves. By the side of the stove is piled a good supply of fuel, a quantity of black bread, and water. The peasant goes to bed on the stove, and when he wakes up, eats and drinks a little, and then goes to sleep again. In this way the Siberian peasant passes the greater part of the winter.

"WHY am I like a pin?" asked Mr. Jones triumphantly of his wife. He expected she was going to say, "Because you are so sharp," and he was simply paralysed when she replied:

"Because if you should get lost it wouldn't be worth while to spend time looking for you."

MAKES GERMANY SMILE.

NOTHING is more dangerous than for a great shipping nation to have her ships manned by alien seamen. It is like a maggot in an apple. The apple, to outward appearance, is rosy and good eating. The first bite and the alien, squirming intruder, is revealed—too late, however!

The damage has been done.

Over 70,000 foreign seamen are employed on British merchant ships! They are the maggots which are eating out the core of England's strength. Lascars, Chinamen, Malays, Scandinavians, Germans, Russians, Turks, every nation, in fact, except British, pilot British ships over the seas.

The danger of this is apparent when one considers that we are absolutely dependent upon these ships for our food supply. Eighty per cent. of the food we eat is brought to us by foreign seamen! The cutting off of supplies for a month means starvation. Yet foreign seamen are the backbone of our merchant service, a backbone that will snap one day and leave us paralysed and helpless.

These 70,000 foreign seamen are taking the places of 70,000 British seamen who are now hanging round the docks and ports, waiting—ever waiting—for the intervention in their favour which never comes.

The state of the *British*—Lascar-manned—merchant service is a national disgrace, a menace to the safety, honour, and welfare of the British Empire.

In the January number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE the whole question is dealt with in a way which will open the eyes of the landsmen to the appalling state of affairs which really exists. As Admiral Hon. Sir Edward Robert Fremantle says in a foreword: "The merchant navy must be made national."

Read the article for your own safety.

PETITIONS THAT HAVE PAID.

Big Reforms Brought About by Popular Clamour.

Ever since the Magna Charta was signed by King John, over seven hundred years ago, the masses have had the right to petition the Crown and Parliament in order that they might hasten the righting of their grievances. Many of the most important reforms, in fact, have been due to petitioning Parliament.

In 1881 Mr. Gladstone's Government brought in and passed a Bill for abolishing flogging in the Army. This Bill would not have been passed for many years later if it had not been for the petition sent to Parliament. No fewer than thirteen of these, containing four hundred thousand signatures, were carried into the House of Commons.

Even greater was the demand in the seventies and eighties for stronger laws for protecting children. Although many Acts had been passed to prevent children working in factories and to protect them against cruelty, they were not really effective.

The state of affairs began to grow so serious, however, that some action was bound to be taken. Over a hundred petitions were presented to Parliament, one alone containing nearly half a million signatures! These petitions succeeded in getting an Act passed in 1894 which gave the defenceless kiddies of England the protection they sorely needed.

To Prevent Cruel Slaughter.

There were actually mothers and fathers, though, who signed a petition in 1891 protesting against the minimum age of child labour being raised from ten to eleven years. It is pleasant to record that this petition failed, as it deserved to do.

At the present moment there is an agitation against unnecessary cruelty in slaughtering animals for food. As far back as 1835 the widespread hatred of cruelty made itself evident in a gigantic petition containing over three-quarters of a million signatures. The petition was successful, and since then other animal Acts have been passed through agitation.

Nothing was more scandalous and criminal than the state of our shipping laws in the early part of the nineteenth century. The great reforms that have been brought about have all been directly due to popular clamour.

Plimsoll, in 1873, began an agitation which ended in nearly two million signatures being carried on to the floor of the House. The abolition of overloading, under-manning, and over-insuring was demanded, and successfully demanded.

Soon the "coffin-ship" was a thing of the past, its disappearance conferring one of the greatest boons on sailors in our time. The huge Plimsoll petition succeeded also in obtaining a Royal Commission which established a basis for the greatly needed shipping reforms.

"Please Stop the Massacre."

It wasn't till 1877 that the hours of polling at Parliamentary elections were extended to from eight in the morning till eight at night. It was chiefly due to a large petition signed by working men that this reform was carried. Previously the hours had been so short that thousands of working men were practically deprived of their vote because they couldn't get to the polling booths in time.

One of the most recent cases in which the right to petition proved of value was in 1895 and 1896. The amazing number of four hundred and eighty-seven separate petitions prayed Parliament to put a stop to the massacre of Armenians by the Turks.

With such a testimony of public feeling behind them the Government undertook the delicate and difficult task of interference.

Petitions vary in size from a few score of signatures to over a million. Small petitions are placed in a large black sack that hangs near the Speaker's chair. On one famous occasion a petition of over a million signatures appeared in the form of huge crates!

The House of Commons is very strict in seeing that all petitions are genuine. There have been cases in which petitions have been filled up with the names of whole infant schools! Nowadays, however, there is a heavy penalty for "faking" a petition.

Have you signed our petition yet?

On page 728 you will see another of our articles on the Curse of Fining.

A Strange Sin

PICK UP THE THREADS OF THE STORY HERE.

LORD MILLBOROUGH is a wealthy cotton merchant and the virtual owner of Millborough. When a young man he falls in love with——

MARY RYDER, a minder of looms, and grievously wrongs her. Mary forgives him, but she knows that they can never be man and wife, for she has a work-shy brute of a husband living, she believes in Canada. One night she returns home from work to find that her husband has returned. That same night he is found dead, and Mary Ryder has disappeared. That crime was committed twenty years ago, and now Mary Ryder keeps lodgings in Corus Street, London, under the name of Mrs. Paul.

LADY MILLBOROUGH is the woman Lord Millborough eventually marries. The union is not a happy one.

FAIRY WILLOW.—A pretty, shallow-minded little witch whose one ambition is to be a great actress. Lady Millborough takes her from the mills to act as a servant at the Hall. Fairy does not like her new work, and runs away on the night that——

BABBAGE steals Lady Millborough's jewels and also a sealed packet containing Lord Millborough's confession of his sin. Babbage is one of the underlings of——

STANLEY JACK and Miss DELORME'S gang. They pose as a dramatic agency, but work big crimes all over the country. Acting under Stanley Jack's orders, Babbage fills a footman's position at Millborough Hall in place of a dismissed servant, Stevens. Babbage places his spoils in a bag, and secretes the bag in a hut for two other members of the gang.

BOB EVANS is Lord Millborough's chauffeur, and a faithful lover to Fairy Willow. When Fairy runs away to London to make her name on the stage—mainly on the advice of Stanley Jack—she persuades Bob to fetch her bag from a hut where she has hidden it, and also to take her to the railway-station in one of his master's cars. On the way back from the station Evans swerves round the dead body of Stevens. He is arrested and charged with the murder. Later on he is tried and acquitted, on the evidence of——

CHIEF INSPECTOR PICKLES, of Scotland Yard. Pickles is slowly but surely getting on the track of the Stanley Jack gang.

LISETTE DUPONT.—Lady Millborough's vivacious French maid. She is in love with Pickles, and has promised to help him in his investigations by keeping a watch on Babbage.

THE RAT-CATCHER of Diver Street—better known as Old Stump, owing to a malformed hand. Old Stump steals the bag that Bob fetched for Fairy, and finds it contains Lady Millborough's jewels—in reality paste—and the sealed packet containing the confession.

BETH WILLOW, the daughter of Lord Millborough and Mary Ryder. She believes herself to be Fairy's sister, and she is in love with——

MARCUS DRAKE, Lord Millborough's trusted secretary and companion.

LUKE WOAD is the ne'er-do-well of Millborough. He loves Beth, and has found out the secret of her birth. He blackmails Lord Millborough, and when Beth refuses to marry him he reveals to her the story of her parentage.

MRS. LUSTLEIGH.—A woman of ill-fame who decoys Fairy to her house and then invites Sir Harold Hilmon to dinner. Sir Harold yields to a better impulse and assists Fairy to escape. Later on, Evans comes to London and Sir Harold engages him. Fagg, Sir Harold's manservant, foolishly relates the episode of his master and Fairy. Bob, mad with rage, half kills his new master, and then leaves the house.

SALVATION JEMMY.—An ex-burglar, who now spends his time doing rescue work. He meets Bob Evans on the Embankment, and is talking to him, when a woman jumps into the Thames. Both men go to save her; Salvation Jemmy and the woman are taken from the water unconscious. Evans seems to have disappeared.

ROY and EILEEN MARCHANT.—The son and daughter of Lord and Lady Millborough. Sir Harold wishes to marry Eileen for the sake of her money, and he is very much perturbed when Roy discovers all about his escapade.

MAJOR COLLETT is the head of the Millborough police. He is a martinet of the worst type, and owes his position to Lady Millborough. She has some hold over the Major, and tells him that her jewels must not be found, as they are paste.

The last few chapters tell how Pickles falls into a trap set for him by Babbage.

Half-delirious with fever, the detective leaves his bed and goes to a ventilating shaft where—so an anonymous letter tells him—he will find the missing jewels.

As Babbage expected, Pickles falls down the shaft. Lisette, the French maid, finds out what has happened, and goes for help. Old Stump comes to the rescue, and, later on, Marcus Drake.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Fairy Willow, who has joined one of Stanley Jack's touring companies, is dining with Mr. Jack at his hotel.

After dinner he asks her for a kiss. Fairy is alarmed, and begs to be allowed to go home.

(You can now read on.)

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE (continued.)

"Kiss me, Fairy."

"WHAT a shy little girl it is!" Stanley Jack murmured. "Why won't you kiss me?"

"I don't think I ought to," Fairy stammered, "at least, not here—now!"

Jack looked at her thoughtfully. What had taught the incorrigible little flirt caution? Or was she playing for marriage? He smiled with amusement at the idea. Perhaps she had been warned by that girl, Rosie Gay—he reviled her under his breath—but he'd soon kiss away her scruples—the little fool knew nothing of the world—though that added to her fascination. He was tired of the Beatrix Delorme type.

"You don't care for me, then?" he said reproachfully. "I hoped you did. I'm sorry I asked you to come out to supper—I seem to have bored you!"

"No, indeed you haven't," she interrupted quickly, what had she done? If she offended him he would send her away! After all, she was free. Bob had jilted her—it had been stupid to let thoughts of Bob flash into her brain just then!

"Then why can't I kiss you?" he went on, watching the colour stain her cheeks. "Is it because we're such new friends?"

She nodded.

"Something like that—besides, this—this girl told me you kissed every girl in the company—that you never meant anything, and——"

"Silly little baby!" he laughed. "A man may flirt with other girls, but he only wants to marry—one!"

"Marry!" The swift colour flooded Fairy's face.

"Yes, marry—and this is the first time in my life that I have ever wanted to marry anyone!" he answered slowly.

"O-h!" Fairy gave a soft sigh of excitement. She flung back her head and looked at him with shining eyes. She did not love him, she had loved Bob, but the thought of marrying an actor with his own companies on tour—dazzled her. Her vanity was touched, her ambition flamed like a star.

"You want—to—marry me?" each word fell softly from her fresh young lips, and again Stanley Jack nearly laughed aloud.

He caught her hand in his and drew her to him, this time she didn't resist him, but let her head fall against his shoulder with graceful abandon.

"Yes, I want to marry you—just you!" he whispered. "Do you think I should have asked you to supper like this if I hadn't been going to propose to you afterwards?"

Fairy nestled against his shoulder without replying. Stanley Jack, who knew all about her having been a mill-girl, and then a maid at Millborough Hall, didn't mind it—he had fallen in love with her in spite of that, he wanted to marry her—he wasn't what Rosie had hinted at—she would let Rosie know that, too—"Mrs. Stanley Jack"—it sounded splendid—but there were clothes to be thought of—she raised her face from Jack's shoulder and gave herself up to the pleasure of being kissed by him. Now that she was engaged to him it seemed right and proper that he should kiss her as often as he liked!

"Listen to me, Fairy," he said, at last, "we will keep this a secret from the rest of the company—our engagement, I mean, and even our marriage—don't tell anyone, promise that, and when I have brought off some important business we can make our marriage known—you understand, dear?"

"Yes," she murmured, "but can't I tell Beth? She and dad ought to know that we are married."

A sneer played about the man's handsome, cruel face, but Fairy's head was pressed against his coat, and she didn't see it. If there were a woman whom Stanley Jack hated as an evil nature hates a pure one, it was Beth Willow. The girl had seen through him—her calm, straightforward soul had made him feel a worm, and his weapon of sex-attraction had been of no avail to him.

"You must tell no one—your sister least of all," he said firmly. "What does it matter what they all think so long as we know we're really married? We can be married quite secretly next week—early, as I shall have to leave the company a few days afterwards to see what's happening to the rest of the tours, and so no one will find out our little secret."

With a whisper of a cry, Lisette clutched Old Stump's hand.

"But you'll take me with you?" Fairy exclaimed in dismay, "I shall hate to be here alone in the company after having been married to you!" She blushed vividly as she raised her face to his.

Jack kissed her, then laughed lightly.

"My dear child, that would be to advertise our marriage! No, you must stay on here until I send for you—that will be best."

Her face grew troubled. "Then you won't be in this company for longer than a week?" she murmured.

"I'm afraid not," he lied tenderly, "we shall marry quite early next week—this is Friday, say Tuesday!"

Half-an-hour later he was back in his lonely sitting-room. He had escorted Fairy to her rooms, where an austere landlady had taken the girl into the house and slammed the door in his face.

He poured himself out a strong brandy, and lit a cigarette, then lolled back in his chair.

Suddenly he laughed.

"Bee, and the rest of them—Charlie and Franks—said I was infatuated with the girl—but even their imaginations didn't take them so far as a 'marriage'! They let it go at a 'voice trial'! I wonder where the silly kid gets her coyness from! But she certainly is wonderfully pretty—if I don't get her now someone else will cut me out!"

His roving eyes rested on a book-shelf at the other end of the room. He rose and went over to it, then suddenly gave an exclamation of surprise.

The book he was gazing at was a ponderous volume on "Scottish Law." He took it out of the case and carried it over to the couch where he began to read it with the deepest interest.

Presently he looked up and laughed cynically.

"I was right! It can be done! I've got her."

CHAPTER FORTY.

Who Set the Trap?

THE nearest habitation to the Stack tunnel ventilating shaft was the gamekeeper's cottage to which Lisette had gone after she met Old Stump, and the latter roared out at her to fetch help and rope, and to this cottage Chief Inspector Pickles, more dead than alive, had been borne, when by the magnificent combined efforts of Drake and Old Stump, with assistance from those above, the unconscious man had been brought to the surface.

Drake and Old Stump, working on the dangerous girder grid, had noosed a rope under his arms, and then Pickles had been drawn up, the two men climbing up the rungs, one above the other, and steadying the body.

I want you to criticise the fining system in ten words. Remember, ten words only.

The getting of him up and out over the broken, insecure brickwork and masonry at the mouth of the shaft proved only a little less difficult task than had his extraction from between the girders. One arm and two of his ribs were broken.

A hurdle had been obtained, and on this they had carried him to the cottage. Drake and Old Stump, black as sweeps, their hands torn and bleeding, had formed two of the bearer-party, and Lisette, quite quiet now, uttering no sound, had walked with the slow procession over the bleak ridge, in the light of a crescent moon.

Once Drake had jerked out a command, telling the bearers not to walk in step. The others were a couple of gamekeepers and a woodman. Drake had dispatched a fourth to Dudding for a doctor, telling him to go on afterwards and notify the police.

But for the fact that he was required to give evidence against Bill Bowker at his trial at the Millborough Assizes, Drake would have been gone from Millborough Hall. He had been on his way to the very gamekeeper's cottage to which Lisette was racing when she met him, a pound of tobacco and a pipe about him for a farewell gift to the keeper. When he had gathered some sort of a notion of what had happened from Lisette, he had sprinted at top speed to the cottage, and had obtained a rope and a lantern. The gamekeeper was out on his rounds. But his wife had piped a police-whistle that had brought him back.

The unconscious man demanded first attention. Hardly any talking was done. Drake and Old Stump between them cut away his clothing, Drake subconscious of Old Stump's skill, presence of mind, and tenderness, but too busy, too concentrated on what was being done to indulge in speculation. Women could not have done better, perhaps not so well, as these two men—Marcus Drake and the rat-catcher from Diver Street. Two women were there, Lisette and the gamekeeper's wife, but Drake had ordered them out of the bedroom, while the first grim business was being done, the cutting-away of the detective's clothes and ascertaining the nature of his injuries.

"Your turn will come!" he had whispered in his curt way. "Stand by outside."

After they had got his clothes off, they found no other injuries worth mentioning besides those which Drake had already diagnosed by touch, two ribs and an arm broken.

The wounds to the head were ugly to look at and had bled considerably, but they were not deep. Pickles showed no sign of recovering consciousness. He had been in a state of delirium, and pneumonia was on him when he set out for the ventilating shaft. It was little short of a miracle that he had not been killed by his fall.

It would be little short of another miracle if he recovered. That was what the doctor whispered after his arrival, and after he had fixed him up in splints.

A curious grunt came from Old Stump. He, like Drake, was no stranger to death. Drake had bowed his head—his silent tribute to the man who had impressed him the first time they met.

"He may not recover consciousness," went on the doctor in a low voice, though had he shouted it would have made no difference to Chief Inspector Pickles. "I shall stay."

A growl came from Old Stump.

"I shall be handy, if anything's wanted—I and my little pal!"

He did not produce Nero, but fondled him in his pocket. The rat had been discomforted considerably—as far as one knows—but he had survived the descent and the ascent of the shaft with his master.

"Half-a-mo'!" he added, and Drake was compelled to watch and study the man, black and an ugly nightmare to the eye, who had come to his aid in the nick of time when the Rough Terrors were all over him, and who had been first down the shaft. "Half-a-mo'! There's a little French girl outside; let her be with him! What say you, Mister Drake?" And something like a laugh grated chucklingly yet tragically in his hairy throat. "She's proved her love for him; with some women love's——"

The sound that came from him was a mixture of sob and jeer. He pulled out Nero from his pocket, gripping the big black rat under his forelegs and round his neck with his maimed left hand, and held the beast up in front of him, and looked into his boot-button eyes.

"You and I, little pal, will wait outside. You don't love ferrets, little pal—and I hate women! Come along!"

He seemed to have forgotten the others as he muttered the words at the rat. Yet he trod softly, for all his heavy boots and huge bulk, as he quitted the room.

Outside stood Lisette and the gamekeeper's wife. Away at Millborough Hall, where nothing was known as yet, Lady Millborough had rung again and again for her maid, and had sent for her, but word had come back that Lisette must have gone out, for she was nowhere to be found on the premises, and her ladyship, who could not get out of her elaborate gown, fastened in all manner of queer and inaccessible places, without assistance, had gone white beneath her delicately-applied cosmetics with petty but furious rage.

And below stairs, in one of the pantries, Brown, footman, was cleaning plate, but though his face, with its saucer-like eyes, was vacuous as ever, something seemed wrong with his fingers. When Mr. Eccles came into the room he looked at his understrapper with an air of pompous triumph.

"I never did hold with furriners!" he remarked sententiously. "If that Lisette hasn't taken French leave, I reckon she's out meandering and philandering with that London detective. And those were my words to her ladyship, and out she goes, bag and baggage. And my words to you, Brown, is: Let furrin women alone!"

"You're right, Mr. Eccles," said Brown, and went on with his work; but when the butler was gone he ceased, and then his eyes and his features, as well as his hands, expressed tortured suspense and vile hatred.

Outside the room wherein lay Pickles, Old Stump slipped back Nero into his pocket. Lisette, quite silent now, saw nothing forbidding or repulsive about the blackened, huge-shouldered man who had gone down the shaft and helped to bring up the man she loved, whom she knew she loved now beyond doubt. With a whisper of a cry she clutched Old Stump's hand before he could prevent her.

"They vill let me go to 'im?" she breathed.

Feelings came to the surface and played upon Old Stump's blackened, seamed face. The tragic circumstances of his strange past, the treachery of a man whose hand he had wrung and called friend and the infidelity of the woman he had loved, had seared and warped his nature, and had made a woman-hater of him.

His wife's infidelity had cut more deeply and jaggedly into his soul than his false friend's treachery. His hairy throat worked. Pity softened his gleaming, sunken eyes. The woman, who still gripped his huge maimed hand in a convulsive clutch that expressed gratitude, had proved and was proving her love.

"Yes," he answered. "In a minute, I daresay; and I and my little pal will be handy outside, if we're wanted. But you can't go in till they tell you!"

"A trick!" moaned Lisette. "A trick—a trap—treachery! And me—— But I was too late!"

"Urrh?"

It sounded like that. Old Stump's guttural, growling note of interrogation. Fierce lights had kindled deeply in his sunken eyes at the word "treachery"!

"I shall tell ze police!" whispered Lisette. "But vat ees revange if my leetle Pickle die!"

A sob shook her.

"Who set the trap?" asked Old Stump huskily, ominously.

As he put the question Drake stepped from the room wherein the detective lay, carrying a letter. It had slipped from some pocket to the floor when the clothes had been cut away and removed from Pickles.

"Ze footman at ze 'all, Brown. But what is revange?"

Drake had heard. From the very first, on the actual night of the robbery and the mysterious murder of Stevens, he had suspected Brown, his suspicions based on deductions and a close observation of the man himself, not so much of his features, which gave away very little, but those hands of his. Since when love had distracted him from the mystery, and now—as soon as he had given evidence against Bill Bowker of the Rough Terrors—he was on the eve of quitting England for China, doing the bidding of the noble woman he loved. Sholto Steele, the big explorer, had jumped at the prospect of Marcus Drake joining his expedition.

Sight of Drake had distracted Lisette.

"May I go to 'im?" she whispered.

"In a minute," Drake answered quietly. "The doctor will tell you when."

Shoulder to shoulder they stood, studying the sheet.

"Treachery—did ye hear?" growled out Old Stump, yet a hush in his harsh voice that was a kind of tribute to the feelings of the suffering woman.

Drake nodded. Some such possibility had already occurred to him. Lisette fumbled at the bosom of her dress, her dilated eyes riveted on the door that Drake had closed behind him. She was still staring at the door, praying for the doctor to emerge with permission for her to enter, her craving for revenge subordinate to her tortured desire to be beside the man she loved, as she drew out a folded sheet of paper, large quarto size, one edge slightly rough showing where it had been torn from a writing-pad. Drake took it from her, and unfolded it.

"Brown!" whispered Lisette. "'E 'ave a writing pad—I see 'im often write on it—I find ze pad—I hold it in ze light—I see ze marks of some words hit in ze papier!"

Drake took a quick step nearer the light, and so did Old Stump. Shoulder to shoulder they stood, studying the sheet innocent of black writing. Drake tilted the paper somewhat, and then both men could see the partial tracings upon it.

"If you go—the shaft—Stack tunnel—you will find—bars loose—with—arm's reach, something—will explain—missing jewels. From One Who—Something!"

Drake hesitated for a moment, then after a glance at the letter picked up from the floor of the next room, addressed to Chief Inspector Pickles, at the Golden Cross Hotel, the postmark "London, N.W.", drew the paper from the envelope. The sheet was similar in size and texture to the one Lisette had given him. He held them both up to the light, and they shared a common water-mark. And what was written in ink on the one sheet filled in the gaps on the other. "If you go to the shaft ventilating the Stack tunnel, you will find a couple of bars loose, and just below, within an arm's reach, something that will explain what has become of the missing jewels.—From One Who Knows Something!"

Old Stump read what Drake read. Sardonic humour gave a momentary twist to his mouth. The missing jewels at that moment were hidden away below the flooring of the rat-catcher's cellar in Diver Street. And, ironically enough, only a door separated the detective from the man whom the former knew to be in possession of the stolen paste.

But, as Pickles had not long ago philosophised, the strongest of men were but worms, and now at a crucial moment, just as he held many threads in his hands that required to be followed up and disentangled, he had been stricken down, lay unconscious, and it would be little short of a miracle if he recovered.

The bedroom door opened, and the doctor who had appeared at it beckoned to Lisette. She passed swiftly, without sound, into the room where lay the man who had roused her love, though at first sight Mr. Pickles hardly looked like inspiring tender passion in a woman's breast.

"A trap set for a ferret," whispered Old Stump, "and the ferret tumbled into it. That brickwork and masonry never came away of its own accord—struck me at the time."

Drake nodded. The same thing had struck him.

The gamekeeper's cottage was a quaint, old-fashioned, one-storeyed little place, the bedroom off the tiled kitchen sitting-room. As Old Stump was whispering, the latch clicked, the door was flung back, and Major Collett strode in. Through the open door could be seen the helmeted figures of a couple of policemen from Dudding, and those of the bearer-party who had waited outside after they had borne Pickles to the cottage.

Collett pulled himself up with a curious little jerk at sight of Old Stump. It so happened that he was at Dudding police-station when the man dispatched by Drake arrived there, but in his hurried account of what had happened he had furnished the Chief Constable with no clue to the identity of one of Pickles' two rescuers.

Between Drake and Collett there was no love lost; but Drake flung aside all personal feelings as he stepped to the Chief Constable, the letter and the sheet torn from the writing-pad in his hands, and he had no inkling of the ironic secret relations between Collett and Old Stump. Quickly and concisely he explained, illustrating his explanation with letter and sheet of paper, and then Drake added:

"The sooner Brown's in custody the better, I should say."

Collett glared at him stonily.

"I'll thank you not to teach me my duties!" he barked out in his pistol-shot, military manner.

Drake stiffened slightly.

"I expressed an opinion," he said, looking the other straight in the face.

"For which," retorted Collett, "you were not asked."

Then something seemed to disconcert the Chief Constable momentarily—a grunting sort of sound that came from Old Stump, in whose eyes gleamed wicked, sardonic mischief. Collett had half-turned his head stiffly. Except for a curious, hardly-perceptible little jerk at sight of the man who was blackmailing him and the proud, aristocratic woman at Millborough Hall, he had given no sign of knowing the rat-catcher.

Now their eyes met, and the Chief Constable's brows came together into a continuous, dark, forbidding straight line. Old Stump slowly plunged a hand into one flap pocket of his corduroy trousers, and jingled some coins. Collett's lips went bloodless beneath his heavy moustache. But Drake had no clue to the little scene that had been played in pantomime. He was ruling his own temper.

"A dirty bit of treachery," growled Old Stump, with a show of his yellow fangs. "If you don't believe it, Mister Blooming Policeman, go to the shaft, have a

For the best criticism I will give five shillings. Mark postcards "Finten." (See page 736.)

look at it. With the shaft and those two bits of paper, it's as easy as putting two and two together. Any kid could do it!"

Drake was astonished. At the same time, the fascination of Old Stump was upon him. The giant with a missing finger had addressed Collett as Mister Blooming Policeman. But for the grim grey shadow of death hovering over the keeper's cottage, and a consciousness that only a door separated him from the man whose recovery the doctor despaired of, Drake would have laughed.

He saw the dark blood surge to Collett's powerful, heavy-jawed face, but the Chief Constable made no reply, strode to the door dividing off the bedroom, and entered.

But Pickles was not in a condition to make any statement. He was still unconscious. Lisette, quiet, showing no signs of hysteria now, was listening to certain whispered instructions that the doctor was giving her as Collett entered. Lady Millborough must look for another maid to dress and undress her, brace and unbrace her elaborate corsets. Lisette had forsaken the calling of lady's-maid for the *rôle* of nurse. Lady Millborough would never give her a character. She was already suspected of complicity in the *jewel* robbery. But this did not matter to Lisette. She loved little Pickles!

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.

To Arrest Brown.

BROWN had finished cleaning his plate, and it lay, brightly polished and gleaming in the electric light—for Lord Millborough was one of your up-to-date men, and had installed an electric-lighting plant at the Hall—on the dresser and table, and it only remained to transfer it to the plate-chest under the supervision of Mr. Eccles, the highly-important butler.

"Gee—Gard!"

Most unmistakably American were the sounds that came through the clenched-up teeth of the man in footman's livery. And the face, nearly always stolid, darkened in a way that suggested a touch of the "tar-brush." His teeth seemed to grow more white and his skin dusky. It was all the more curious, because his saucer-like eyes were a very pale blue in colour.

"That little French gel—drat her!—what's she playing at to-night? She can't have tumbled to the game. Yet where is she? Jack, Charlie, Franks? They're clean out of it. Gard, but I've had to stick on here, polishing yer plate, waiting at table, opening front doors, never moving a muscle of my face—and all the time that little durned ferret nosing round, eating into my nerves—and then, Jerusalem and little artichokes, to find out that that little French gel was running in double harness with him, after I'd planted my trap!"

The man in footman's livery was not voicing his thoughts now. But the brunt and burden of Stanley Jack's big enterprise had been on his shoulders. It had been his business to watch his moment, get the jewels, plant them in the woodman's hut, and stay on afterwards, as if nothing had happened. It was all very well for the master-brain to sit in a dramatic agency's office and scheme the thing out with a minimum of risk to himself. He, "Brown," footman at Millborough Hall, had been the monkey who had pulled the chestnuts out of the fire. He had been in the front line of fire, in the thick of action, all the time. . . .

"Finished!" he said respectfully, as Eccles entered.

But the expression on Mr. Eccles' full face hardly suggested that the question of plate had brought him into the pantry.

When Mr. Eccles became excited, he had a trick of putting aspirates either in the wrong place, or of omitting them.

"There's been a *h*accident, Brown!" he panted, for very little exertion was sufficient to rob his corpulent body of breath. "At least, is it a *h*accident?"

"You don't say so, Mr. Eccles?" said Brown.

Stanley Jack called him Babbage confidentially, and the man of indifferent physique, whose mind in the past had triumphed over matter, who now lay unconscious in a gamekeeper's cottage, a woman beside him doing unflinchingly the ghastly prosaic things associated with sickness and accident, had cabled "Brown's" description both to New York, Sydney, and Melbourne, as well as to all the principal police centres in Europe.

"I do say so!" puffed Eccles. "Pardy, the woodman, is in the servants' 'all!"

Eccles' aspirates were all over the place.

"The Stack-tunnel shaft," he went on. "That's where it happened."

"What happened?" asked Brown.

Eccles did not answer the question, but repeated it.

"What happened? That's what everybody wants to know. Anyhow, a message was sent to Dudding, and not only did two policemen arrive at Springer's cottage, but the Chief Constable himself."

Only Brown's hands betrayed feelings.

"Don't ask me for particulars," continued Eccles, "because I'm not in a position to give them. Except——"

"Except, Mr. Eccles?"

"Except that that furrin woman—and I've told you my opinion of furrin women and the advisability of having no dealings either financially, matrimonial, or flirtations with furrin women——"

"I was born under the Union Jack," interrupted Brown stolidly and seemingly with most commendable patriotism.

But, oh, those strong hands of his! They were behind his broad back, and his finger-nails were biting inches into their palms.

"That furrin woman, that Lisette, with her frills and flounces and *h*immoral ways—and I tell you, Brown, all furrin women, saving the exceptions, are *h*immoral—that Lisette, instead of waiting on her ladyship, *h*answering the summons of the bell on the *h*instant, like a proper-trained domestic—and being paid good wages, too—where was she?"

Oh, those hands behind Brown's back!

"She must have been with him, Pickles, when it took place. What were they up to, I ask you, Brown, all alone by the shaft? Anyhow, leaving that point out of the question, it was Lisette—as ought to have been here on the premises—that turned up and give the alarm. Don't ask me, Brown, how it come about that Pickles fell down the shaft, how it come about that the guard give way—whether he and Lisette was sitting spooning on the edge—don't ask me, Brown, but Pickles is not expected to live. Lisette's at Springer's cottage sitting beside him and holding on to his hand, and they do say—at least, Pardy says so, and he has it from Mrs. Springer who was present when the Chief Constable arrived—that foul play of some sort or another is at the bottom of the business!"

Old Stump slowly plunged a hand into his pocket and jingled some coins.

"You fairly bowl me over, Mr. Eccles!" ejaculated Brown.

"I'm bowled over myself," confessed the butler, "though it's not often such a thing happens to me. There's no getting at the bottom of the story. It's been one long topsy-turveydom at this place since the jewels were stolen and Stevens came by his untimely end—where are we now?"

The last words were not addressed to the footman.

Major Collett and a couple of constables had stepped into the pantry.

Collett jerked out a hand and finger at Brown, and the two constables took quick steps towards the footman who had taken the place of the murdered Stevens.

The man's stolid, wonderful mask seemed to drop from him magically. His nerve seemed to go; his features went flabby and loose, and his lower jaw sagged.

"Brown——"

But that was as far as the Chief Constable got.

Babbage, *alias* Brown, had staggered back, but the dresser behind him had brought him up sharply, and with that he recovered himself wonderfully.

It was like lightning.

No one saw where he got it from—hip-pocket or where.

But the barrel of a six-shooter—not one of your clumsy, old-fashioned revolvers, but one of your small, repeating magazine weapons—gleamed.

Babbage *alias* Brown had learned quick, straight shooting on the other side of the Atlantic. In America they call him and his likes "bad men."

Mr. Eccles had assumed a sitting position on the pantry floor. It was too much for him, both mentally and physically. Collett might be a moral coward, but he certainly was not a physical one. He had carried a revolver since the last Millborough strike, and he whipped it out from his hip-pocket and sprang towards Brown, the two movements simultaneous.

But the man in footman's clothes was quicker on the trigger.

A single-drop electric lamp lit the pantry. Brown raised his revolver and aimed straight at it. It was a pretty shot under the circumstances, the general confusion, and with three men bearing down on him—two policemen and Millborough's Chief Constable.

There was a spit of flame, a powdering and splintering of glass, and darkness.

Then a second of a silence followed by confused, muffled noise, and the voice of Mr. Eccles, who had crawled under the table, appealing incoherently to an

(Continued on next page.)

NATIONAL FIGHT AGAINST HAIR-POVERTY.

Stop Your Hair Turning Grey or Falling out!

Post Office Co-operates in Distributing Wonderful Gifts for Growing Healthy and Beautiful Hair to Every Reader who applies.

The great campaign against Baldness, Greyness, and Hair Poverty is gathering force every day.

The Post Office is co-operating in the work of distributing the gifts for growing healthy hair to all who apply. The Postman will bring you one of these Outfits if you write for it to-day.

Thousands of letters are pouring in at the headquarters of "Harlene Hair Drill" from ladies and gentlemen anxious to take part in this distribution.

These letters show how serious a thing Hair-Poverty is.

Serious Results of Hair-Poverty.

"I cannot get employment anywhere," writes one gentleman, a bookkeeper and ledger clerk by profession, "because of my grey hair. They say I look too old—45 at least—although I assure them I am still under 40, which is the case. Can you do anything to help me?"

Ladies, too, are most anxious to secure this free health-help for their hair.

"It used to be beautiful," writes one, "but now it is so thin and skimpy-looking that I could cry when I see myself in the looking-glass. It makes me look years older than I really am and it is still coming out. I should be most grateful for anything that will stop this continual thinning and start my hair growing thickly again."

Within 48 hours the Postman will bring you this wonderful Health, Strength, and Beauty-Giving Gift for your Hair. It will banish Baldness, Greyness, and all forms of Hair and Scalp Trouble from your head and grow luxuriant Hair, by means of ten minutes a day Harlene Hair-Drill. To secure this Triple Outfit use the Coupon printed below—and use it at once.

To all these applicants Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Toilet Specialist, issues one reply. "Try the Royal Way," he says. "I will send it you."

This Triple Gift for Your Hair.

Cut out the Coupon printed below, enclose 3d. in stamps to pay the postage, and send it to Edwards Harlene Co.

By return the following superb Outfit will be yours.

A trial Bottle of Harlene for the Hair. This delightful preparation feeds the hair and stimulates the hair-roots. It makes the hair soft and glossy, and invests it with a beautiful lustre and luxuriance.

A trial Package of Edwards' Cremex for the Scalp. It keeps the scalp clean and comfortable. It dissolves Scurf and banishes Irritation of the Scalp.

A copy of Mr. Edwards' "Hair-Drill" Manual, containing the secret rules which made his fame, the toilet rules which practised for two minutes every day makes and keeps your hair healthy and luxuriant, free from the slightest sign of Baldness, Greyness, or Hair-Poverty.

At any chemist's or stores you can obtain Harlene in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; and Cremex in boxes of 7 shampoos for 1s., or single shampoos, 2d.; or sent post free from Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C., on receipt of P.O.

FREE COUPON.

TO THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me a "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit for growing healthy hair—to last me for a free trial of seven days.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Enclose 3d. to pay postage and packing to any part of the world.
January 14th, 1912.

all-merciful Providence to grant him a few years more of life.

The next moment he howled.

A second shot had been fired, for an instant stabbing the darkness of the pantry with a thin, jagged blade of light. Mr. Eccles, beside himself, as the phrase is, attempted to spring to his feet, regardless of the table above him, rose to a certain extent, and took the table up with him on his shoulders. But he and his superstructure collapsed and confusion became worse confounded. One of the policemen had barged into the table as it uprose with Mr. Eccles beneath it. In the general upset that followed and the mixed confusion of table, table-legs and Mr. Eccles' legs and arms, the constable got the butler by the throat and bellowed out huskily that he had got him—meaning Brown, the footman. Whereupon the second constable, guided by instinct and zeal, hurled himself into the darkness whence the sounds came, lighted by chance on the lower portions of the butler, and, sitting on the latter's generous stomach, found his ankles and pinned him down to the floor.

Major Collett and a couple of constables stepped into the pantry.

Hysterical shrieks of women; shouts of men; a pouring into the pantry; shouts for light.

Candle-light; then, amid further confusion, the fitting of a fresh bulb to the electric-lamp holder. But all this took time, and when a steady, clear light had more or less sobered everybody, it was seen that the two policemen were sitting on, holding down, and generally suppressing no less a person than Mr. Eccles, the butler, and that Brown, the footman, had disappeared.

Chief Constable Collett, gripping a smoking revolver, was gathering himself up from the floor, his expression that of a man who had not yet properly flung off the stupefying effects of a blow.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO.

Lord Millborough Visits Beth.

DRAKE had left Millborough Hall.

Love had forbidden self to come first, and he had left to do the bidding of the woman he loved.

He had not seen Beth since she told him that marriage was impossible, that happiness could not be purchased at the cost of unhappiness to others. This departure of his was hardly an exhibition of weakness on his part. It was a stronger thing to have done than to have remained on at Millborough Hall, gone about with a broken-hearted, woebegone expression, whined, and pestered Beth to reconsider her decision.

He had realised, knowing her splendid nature, its capacity for self-sacrifice, that her decision was irrevocable. But though he had not seen her again, he had written her a brief, simple note, yet the kind of note a woman of Beth's type would treasure to her dying day. For misunderstanding was not separating and driving them apart. Each was sure of the other's love. He had received an answer from Beth on the eve of his departure!

"It is not my secret," ran a portion of her note. "It is not my happiness, but another's, and, much as I love and honour you, I cannot sacrifice it. What I write is for you and you alone. In thought and spirit and heart, I am always yours. I shall be always watching your life, knowing that you will do and attempt great things. That will be my pride, my consolation, and my happiness. God bless and keep you, my beloved!"

A weaker woman than Beth might have yielded to the temptation of another meeting with the man she loved, and had she but hinted at as much in her letter, Drake would have leapt at the opportunity, but she had not done so. The future to her seemed so inexorably inevitable. Why inflict unendurable torture on her lover and herself?

So Drake had gone, taking with him his most precious possession on earth, Beth's letter. For all his grit, he had been within an ace of a breakdown when he said good-bye to the lonely, stern, uncrowned King of Millborough—reckoned stern, at least, by those who could not pierce the surface of things.

"Write to me," Lord Millborough said. "I shall write to you. You're doing the right thing. But—but," and his stifled voice had cracked queerly, "what may be inevitable now may not be inevitable later. None of us know what the future has in store for us. God bless you, my lad!"

A father might have been blessing his son.

Before his departure, Drake paid a visit to the gamekeeper's cottage, not very far away from the ventilating shaft to the Stack tunnel. Lisette, no longer in Lady Millborough's service, but turned nurse, opened the door to him. A rather thin, white-faced, peaked-looking Lisette, yet trim and spotless, and good to the eye.

It would not have been cheerful for "Little Pickle" to look upon a drab, untidy, sorrowful-faced creature during his spells of dazed, drowsy consciousness. Ah, *mon Dieu!* No! Let him see a cheerful, bright face! Let her cuffs and apron and collar always be snowy-white!

So Lisette, in no narrow spirit of petty vanity, took great pains with her toilette even during the days when life and death fought for the mastery over the bed of Chief Inspector Pickles, and the doctor marvelled at the skill and intuition of the woman who had had no previous experience in nursing.

"Well?" Drake had asked.

"A leetle better!" Lisette had replied, her lips undecided between a smile and a sob. "'E know me—'e smile—'e say in a leetle whisper of a voice zat—oh, ze brave leetle 'ero!—zat it might 'ave been worse! *Ma foi*, but 'e who was sad when 'e was well and strong, now 'e smile and try to nod 'is 'ead—and ven ze doctor 'urt 'im, though 'e try not to, 'e only try to smile more.

"'E make leetle jokes. I tell 'im zat you, Mistaire Drake, and ze great big giant wiz ze finger gone from 'is left 'and, save 'im. I tell 'im—for 'e wish to know—zat Brown—ah, *sacre!* But ze canaille, ze dog-fiend, ze 'ound!—'e escape, disappear! I tell 'im dese things leetle by leetle. For what you did, for what ze big, strange man do for 'im, 'e try to express 'is gratitude. 'E wish much to see you, but 'e sleep now. You vill again come, Mistaire Drake?"

But Drake's time had been short, and he had a rooted objection to be thanked. He was content to know that the indomitable little detective, whose spirit was vastly superior to his physique, was, despite the doctor's prophecy, on the slow but fair road to recovery.

But if Drake objected to being thanked, he was never slow to express gratitude; but his effort to trace Old Stump before he left was a failure. Lisette could not tell him where the rat-catcher from Diver Street was to be found. And Sholto Steele, the big explorer, had wired Drake the date of starting.

Drake's last act was to give evidence against Bill Bowker, and the man was found guilty by the assize jury. But Drake did not wait for the passing of the sentence. The judge, for a very special reason, postponed passing sentence.

So he had gone, and though she went about the daily business of her life bravely, the light went out of Beth Willow's great, splendid eyes.

It was fortunate for her that she had much to occupy her mind during those terrible days of secret pain and grief. Pat Willow was worse again, and Beth spent every hour she could snatch from her work beside his bed.

He was not her father, and the fact was known to her now, though not who her father was; but he had played the part of father to her nobly and tenderly. Had it not been for her home responsibilities and the absolute necessity for her to work, nothing would have kept Beth from going to Fairy, who had taken her life into her own hands.

Yet Beth had been comforted both by Fairy's own letters, which read cheerfully and hopefully now, and one that she had received from Mrs. Paul. Who shall say what Beth's feelings were at this letter from Mrs. Paul? Who shall say what Beth's feelings were at this letter from the woman she knew to be her mother?

Did Mrs. Paul know the truth? Beth often asked herself that question in those dark hours when she could not sleep, when her brain was tortured by Luke Woad's evil, handsome face. Luke Woad—God help her!—whom she must marry! Who was pressing for the date of their marriage! Who had taken her in his arms, she like a statue and cold as ice—and had kissed her! But a kiss that was worth nothing at all, and had maddened the man, for she had kept her lips from him. There was nothing in it. It was like kissing a statue—yet a statue that could shiver with something that was scorn and contempt as well as a sensitive woman's loathing and horror.

But, apart from the emotions aroused by Mrs. Paul's letter, it had comforted Beth.

"Don't be anxious about Fairy," the woman known in Corus Street as Mrs. Paul had written. "Rosie Gay, about whom I told you and Fairy will have told you, has joined the company. She is a splendid girl, and Fairy will have a sister in her. . . ."

It was dark, but the lamp in the little sitting-room in Shorthouse Row was lit as Beth, not long returned from the weaving-shed, her shawl flung aside, drew Mrs. Paul's letter from the bosom of her dress.

"Mother!" she whispered passionately. "Mother!" And she pressed the letter to her lips. "She must not know!"

She gave a little start and a shudder at the sound of footsteps outside, and thrust the letter away. Was it Luke Woad? When someone knocked, she forced herself to open the door, only to draw back, not with loathing, but with startled surprise.

The man who stood on the threshold was Lord Millborough—thin, tall, and the terrible effort that he was making at self-control giving an almost harsh expression to his lined features.

"You, my lord?" she stammered, at a loss to understand the meaning of his visit.

Then with the instinctive grace and the natural manners of the lady she was she drew back.

"Won't you come in, my lord?" she said in her low voice, musically inflected with Lancashire intonation.

And Lord Millborough reached out and touched the lintel as if to steady himself. Mary Ryder seemed to have spoken!

"Thank you—yes!" he answered, his voice curiously suppressed, and then closed the door.

Lamp-light fell on Beth and on the tall, stern figure. Lord Millborough saw Beth through a haze—Beth with the face and form of the woman against whom he had sinned: his and Mary Ryder's child! Nemesis had fallen upon the innocent fruit of his sin. He had longed passionately—with all the strength of heart and soul—for the marriage of Drake, the man after his own pattern, whom he would have gladly and proudly welcomed as a son-in-law, to the child born to him out of wedlock.

As he looked round the humble little room, its very meagreness and simplicity seemed to accentuate the beauty and the refinement of the girl who, in grace and self-possession, was equal to his own legitimate daughter, Eileen, who had been brought up in luxury from the hour of her birth. He fought under a terrible longing to take her in his arms, tell her that he was her father—to call her daughter, child, Beth!

"Won't you sit down, my lord?" asked Beth.

"No, no!" He jerked out the words. "But you——"

He placed a chair for her, the uncrowned king of Millborough waiting upon a mill-girl, whose workaday shawl had been flung upon the sofa and whose feet were clumsily clogged. A thin sigh slipped through his lips for all their fierce compression. Then he cleared his throat, and gave a little tug at his collar. Beth had not taken the proffered chair.

"I—er—as I daresay you know—I'm deeply interested in my late secretary, Drake—Marcus Drake!"

A wave of red blood swept Beth's face, and was gone leaving it a dead-white. Lord Millborough had gripped the back of the chair.

"So deeply interested, in fact"—he might have been addressing a board meeting now, but, oh, the agony beneath the formal tones—"so deeply interested that I would do anything in my power to help *him*—further his happiness. He gave me to understand that the reason for leaving me and joining this expedition to China was—was——"

Beth interrupted.

"My lord, we—we understand each other. It's good of you to come—but I can't discuss this with anybody!"

"Come, come!" His voice was almost harsh. "I am very deeply interested in Drake's future—and yours. You are both young, and what might seem a terrible barrier to you, both of you, might appear very small, easily surmountable to an old man of the world."

Brown raised his revolver and aimed straight at the lamp.

"My lord, I thank you again." Beth's lips were quivering terribly. "It's good and kind of you to come, to talk to me like this, but what must be—must be!"

"But why?" His voice rasped. "I'm old enough to be your father. I want you—I want you not to look upon me now as your master, or anything of that sort, but as one who is sincerely anxious to help you and the man you love and who loves you. You can trust me——"

"I know that, my lord——"

"Then why——"

"My lord, I cannot. It's not my secret only!"

"You won't tell me——"

Lord Millborough's back was to the door, and Beth was facing it, and as he looked at her he saw a sudden expression of contempt and horror and loathing flash into her wonderful eyes.

He swung round, and then he knew for certain the reason why Beth had sent away the man she loved.

Luke Woad had opened the door by the latch, and stood on the threshold.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

—it consists in having plenty of money. Others in being loved. I want your idea. Keep short.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Papal Bull.**
2. **Extradition.**
3. **Steeplechase.**
4. **I Don't Care a Fig.**
5. **Printer's Devil.**
6. **Kilkenny Cats.**

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Thursday, January 18th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 58.

(1) THIN RED LINE.

The winner of the prize of 10s. 6d. for the following explanation was T. Law, Holytown, Lanarkshire:

When attacked at Balaclava by the Russian cavalry Sir Colin Campbell did not think it "worth while" to form his men, the 93rd Highlanders, into square. The men, standing two deep, and described by Dr. Russell as a "thin red line," repulsed the cavalry with a terrible volley.

(2) CUT TO THE QUICK.

The above phrase was defined by the winner, Miss G. Savage, The College, Seaford, in the following terms:

In this phrase "quick" is a substantive denoting "vital part"—Anglo-Saxon, *cwic*, living. The expression therefore signifies literally "hurt in a vital part," and is used metaphorically to denote acute distress of mind caused by unkindness in word or deed.

(3) DEMENTI.

The attempt selected as the best was received from J. Brenton, 27 Chesthunte Road, Tottenham, and was thus expressed:

An official denial of an unauthorised report is so termed, the word being derived from the French verb *démentir*, meaning "to contradict." It is most frequently applied to the contradiction of an unfounded political rumour by the Government or party concerning which the statement has been made.

(4) HOOLIGANISM.

J. McNay, 10 Risk Street, Glasgow, E., contributed the winning definition. It read as follows:

This term is applied to the conduct of violent young roughs who indulge in "horse-play," terminating with danger to the public safety, which stamps them as a "pest" to the community at large. It is derived from one of this class, called "Hooligan," who became notorious in the nineteenth century.

(5) ATTACHÉ (MILITARY).

This term was thus explained by the winner, Miss J. Howe, 5 Ferndale, Lambert Street, Hull:

An attaché may be the military member of an embassy, or an officer "attached" to the army of a friendly foreign power engaged in war. His duties are to acquire, in an open, honourable manner all possible information as to the efficiency of the men and weapons under his observation.

(6) OBSCURANTIST TACTICS.

The prize in this contest was awarded to M. Mayer, 2 Woodhill Road, Colwyn Bay, for the following explanation:

Used politically, this phrase means the methods by which the Opposition obscures the main points at issue, and turns the debate on to minor questions. Ordinarily, the phrase means the methods used in opposing the progress of knowledge, inquiry, information, or enlightenment.

Who I am.

1. I am born of Mother Earth—my heart is of steel—my eyes are of glass—my limbs are of iron—my fingers are of brass.
2. I do brainwork, but I have no brain—I work fast, early and late and never make a mistake.
3. You find me in every country, my voice rings out around the world.
4. I speak every language, tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.
5. When I speak, millions listen: (1) The Caucasians, (2) the Mongolians, (3) the Aethiopians, (4) the Malayans, (5) the Indians.
6. I need no food, but live as long as metal endures.
7. I handle all kinds of money, (1) Gold, (2) Silver, (3) Nickel, (4) Copper, (5) Paper in all currencies.
8. I make unchangeable records of all I do.
9. I remove temptation, shorten the hours of labour and keep people correct.
10. I protect the weak and strengthen the strong.
11. I give hope to the weary and make the world better.
12. I give (1) Publicity, (2) Protection, (3) Prosperity, (4) Profits, and (5) Peace of mind.
13. I cost but little and do so much.—I am the cash register.

For the five best ideas I will give stylo pens. Mark postcards "Happy." *(See page 736.)*

Blue Eyes for Murderers

Tales Your Eyes Can Tell.

A GREAT thing about the language of the eyes is that it is more expressive than the language of the tongue and always tells the truth.

In fact, the eyes cannot tell lies, and nobody can keep their optics from speaking the truth and expressing the real feelings.

When a person decides to do a certain thing the intention is shown in the eyes long before it is possible to accomplish the action, and that is why fencers and pugilists keep their eyes on the eyes of their opponents, not on the hands or weapons. Besides the true feelings and intentions the eye expresses the health, ability, and character.

When the whites of the eyes are discoloured and yellowish, it means that one is out of condition and liverish. The milk-white eye indicates good health, a sign which Admiral Lord Beresford used to insist upon seeing in his officers and men.

Brown Eyes Liked in the Army.

Though a bright eye is, as a rule, a sign of intelligence and strength, an over-bright eye indicates chronic ill-health and fever. The brilliant eye is a sign of cleverness, and all really clever people are gifted with exceptional optics—Gladstone, for instance, Burns, Carlyle, Darwin, Shelley, and Lamb.

Prominent eyes indicate timidity, but when such eyes are half veiled by drooping lids, as Lord Beaconsfield's were, it is a sure sign of superior mental power.

Courage is told by quiet and steady gaze, the colour of the eye being preferably brown or grey, which are chosen in the Army in preference to eyes of any other colour. Dark blue eyes are neither liked in the Army nor out of it, and with good reason, because dark blue eyes are usually accompanied by a cruel or heartless character.

A point worth noting is that the eyes of murderers are invariably deep blue. It does not follow, of course, that all dark blue eyed people are murderers, the intense revengeful glare of whose eyes, once seen, is never forgotten or mistaken.

In the witness-box the eyes are of much more importance than the tongue, and most magistrates rely on the former to judge whether a witness is telling the truth.

A lying witness will do anything but keep his eyes still or look candidly in the face of the man he is lying to, but will raise his eyebrows, frown, look on the floor or uneasily about the court, or glare at everything. In fact, the eyes are infallible. Not even that arch-deceiver Charles Peace was able to make his own eyes tell lies.

What Your Brows Tell.

Sunken eyes are not good signs, as they indicate a fast life and wasted energy. Eyes close together are also unfortunate, indicating unintelligence, littleness of character, and sometimes untrustworthiness.

A wide space between the eyes, as with Mr. Winston Churchill, tells of lofty character and keen intelligence. Watery optics that are never still tell of much money spent on liquor. People whose organ of vision is small and not marked by much hair are, as a rule, of exceedingly subtle mind.

On the other hand, large, heavy optics, surrounded by wrinkles, and overhung by bushy eyebrows, indicate an intelligence much above the ordinary, forceful personality and will-power. While light eyelids indicate physical vigour, heavy lids indicate mental vigour and brain-power.

The size, shape, and position of brows not only has an influence upon the appearance of the eye, but also serves to tell a person's character. Brows that are low down on the forehead and meet each other so that they form really one brow have a sinister look, and point to a sinister mind—rough, intolerant, jealous, and exceedingly petty.

Bushy eyebrows show a roughly good-humoured mind; smooth eyebrows that arch tell of a poetic, clever, but weak and dreamy character. The fighting eyebrow is short, well-marked, perfectly straight, except for the outer end, which slants downwards at an acute angle.

"That Look."

Consciously or unconsciously, people go by the look in the eyes far more than they go by other things. It is because of the "look in the eyes" that people are able to tell instantaneously and with just a casual glance whether other people are friendly or the reverse, cunning, deceitful, harmless or harmful, good or bad. Men and women are instinctively attracted or repelled by the eyes of the opposite sex.

When once people get to like or dislike a certain kind of eye it is most difficult to get them to believe anything that will upset that prejudice. Women especially are apt to adhere to their judgments, which at times are so one-sided and prejudiced that they are come to be looked upon as being perfectly true. Though the optic that looks out at you from the corner appears to be particularly underhand and cunning, it is not actually so, the "cunning look" being caused by the lowered brow and lack of whiteness in the eye as seen sideways.

NEXT, PLEASE.

JONES: (to Brown) "How's land selling in your city?"

BROWN: "Oh, realising fancy prices—thousands of pounds per acre!"

JONES: "Oh, I'm not surprised at that. In the centre of our city land has got to such a high price that men are beginning to wear it instead of jewellery!"

MAID: "Did you observe that Gus gave me his first dance last evening?"

SILBY: "Yes; he told me later on that he believed always in getting disagreeable things done with as soon as possible."

MEN WEEP MORE THAN WOMEN.

We are told that the fair sex seem to have lost the art of having a good cry, while men are getting more and more emotional every day. If this continues, our cartoonist has illustrated some of the results.

I want three perverted proverbs for footballers. One, for instance, is: ☞

The Servants of the Rich

This series of articles has been specially written by a retired valet who has been for the past twenty-five years in the employment of many wealthy and well-known gentlemen. The articles will deal with various phases of life among the servants of the wealthy and will contain some startling revelations.

WHAT SERVANTS KNOW.

A SERVANT who has been for any length of time in personal attendance on a gentleman comes to know almost as much about his master as his master knows about himself. He leaves letters about which his servant reads. Conversations are overheard, and, moreover, many gentlemen talk a great deal to their valets. One way and another, after a valet has been for two or three years in the employment of a gentleman he generally knows all there is to be known about his master.

Many gentlemen recognise this fact and make a point of never keeping a valet for more than a year at the outside. I was in service a few years ago with a gentleman who is a millionaire. He is well known in the City, and has a big house in the West End and a couple of country mansions. I had a curious experience when I was in his employment.

He was a small, mild-looking, mild-mannered man and one of the silent sort. He scarcely ever opened his lips to talk to me except to give orders; but he was always most polite and never once lost his temper with me. He was married and had a couple of sons and a daughter. The family entertained a good deal and they had always a lot of swells staying with them at their country house and dining with them in London.

I Have Thieved for You!

I learnt less about this gentleman during the first year I was in his employment than I had done about most. At the end of twelve months I knew nothing about him beyond the fact that he was immensely rich and had an office in the City, and was engaged in big financial transactions.

One day when I was brushing one of his suits of clothes I found a letter in one of his pockets. I am not going to say all that was in that letter; it gave even me a bit of a start and I am not easily surprised at anything I hear about gentlemen. The letter was from a man in Australia and in one part of the letter he said:

"I have thieved for you and done murder for you, though I don't complain that you have not paid me well, but I am in awfully low water now."

There was a lot more, but I have told enough. It was a nice load apparently that my master had to carry on his mind and I did not envy him for all the money he had.

Well, a few days later he gave me notice. "I am sorry, sir," I said (I was brushing his hair at the time). Then he stood up; his face was as white as a sheet and there was a look in his eyes that I shan't forget. If frightened me so much that I made a step back from him.

Runs a Big Bookie's Business.

"You have been a good servant," he said, speaking quite quietly, though I think his voice trembled a little, "but," and here he lowered his voice, "you have been with me too long."

That was all he said. He knew quite well I had read the letter he had left in his pocket and he couldn't bear the sight of me after that. Yes, servants do learn a lot and could tell some strange tales. I was in service six years ago with a Peer, a genial, pleasant-mannered gentleman he was, and a great talker. He was a funny gentleman, and often made me laugh to myself, for of course I knew my place too well to laugh when he was talking to me.

"Hang you, Thomas," he used to say, "I don't know why I talk so much to you. You just listen and I go on like an old fool telling you things I wouldn't tell to my best friend."

One evening he said to me, "Thomas, do you know that her ladyship is a very clever woman?"

"Yes, mi lord," I replied. I was helping him to dress for dinner at the moment.

"You always say 'Yes,' Thomas, but I tell you that her ladyship is a most marvellously clever woman. Do you know she makes thousands a year?"

"No, mi lord," I replied.

"Well, Thomas, she does; and do you know how?"

"No, mi lord," I answered.

His lordship did not say anything more for a bit and then he suddenly turned to me and said:

"Well, her ladyship runs one of the biggest bookmaking businesses in London, and if ever you breathe that to a soul, Thomas, I'll break every bone in your body."

Servants learn a great deal from other servants whom they meet at big country houses. I remember some years ago I was with my then employer at Chatsworth in the time of the late Duke of Devonshire. There was a very well-known M.P. among the guests and his man told me a queer story about him.

This distinguished politician used to wear a charm about his neck underneath his shirt. It was a little gold amulet and he would never go anywhere without it.

One evening when he was dressing for dinner his man told me, before going to the House, he couldn't find the charm and he kicked up an awful fuss about it. It could not be found anywhere, and the M.P. would not go to the House without it, although there was a big debate on that night in which he was to be one of the chief speakers on the Government side.

Quarrels Among the Dukes.

He sent word to the Prime Minister to say that he was ill and the next day a paragraph appeared in all the papers saying that Mr. —— had been suddenly attacked with illness the night before and had been unable to be in his place in the House of Commons. The amulet turned up a couple of days later and not until then did its owner stir out of the house.

Some of the upper classes like the lower have the most terrible quarrels among themselves. There was a fashionable marriage some years ago between the son of a wealthy banker and the daughter of a peer in whose service I was at the time.

I never knew anything like the rows there used to be between the Peer and the banker when they were discussing the question of what is called the "marriage settlement."

The Peer wanted the banker to settle £50,000 on his daughter and the banker thought £10,000 enough. One evening the banker came to see my master on the matter and I heard him tell the banker that he would "kick him and his son out of his house if there was to be any more humbug about the matter." I believe the banker in the end settled the matter at £25,000.

Always Assaults Her Maids.

There is one well-known lady in Society who is so bad-tempered that she frequently assaults her waiting maids and often has to pay them big damages to keep the case out of court. On one occasion when she struck a maid who had not been long in her service, the maid struck back and a regular fight took place between the pair, who were separated with great difficulty by some of the other servants. This maid, curiously enough, remained on for some time after in the lady's service, and then they had another bad fight and the maid left, though the lady asked her to remain on.

There is another well-known lady in Society who is called by her friends the "Tigress." She has the temper of a demon; probably she is not quite right in her mind. She was dining one night at the house where I was then in service, and during dinner she lost her temper with one of the guests, and when they were leaving the dining-room she struck the guest, who was the wife of a very distinguished portrait painter, in the face with her fan.

There was a regular scene. Some of the ladies screamed, one or two others cried. The lady who had been struck left the house at once and the "Tigress" followed her example shortly afterwards.

The lady's husband wanted to summon the "Tigress" for assault, but the matter was hushed up somehow. But it would take up too much space in one article to tell of all the queer things servants learn about their masters and mistresses. I may, however, be able to return to the subject later.

Next week I will tell you all about servants' perquisites.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM
BILIOUSNESS
INDIGESTION, HEADACHES,
CONSTIPATION,

Mother Seigel's Syrup is a herbal remedy, made of curative extracts of roots, barks, and leaves which act directly on the liver, stomach and bowels. The Syrup quickly restores these organs to healthy action! That is why it cures biliousness, indigestion, constipation, and all kindred ailments.

Mr. Alfred Nunn was weak and ill—almost dying of starvation, because he could not digest and gain nourishment from his food. Writing on April 9th, 1910, from 22 Mitchell Lane, St. Thomas's, Bristol, he says:—"With early manhood I began to suffer from indigestion—pain at the chest and flushing of the face after meals, with occasional sick headaches. This went on for years! Then I fell seriously ill and had to take to my bed. The pain at my chest and between my shoulders, which followed every meal, had made me afraid of food, and for weeks and weeks I had almost starved myself.

TAKE

"For nearly three months I was an out-patient of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and the doctors at that institution did me a lot of good. I thought I was cured, and soon after left Norwich for Bristol; but before long my old complaint returned as violently as ever. Then my mother persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. Before I had quite finished one bottle my health had improved. The pain produced by food grew less and less, until by the time I had taken five small bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup—my troubles ceased and I felt bright and well." Buy and try a bottle for yourself to-day and cease to suffer!

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size. Sold also in tablet form, price 2s. 9d.

"Too many kicks spoil the goalkeeper." Only three proverbs. Be funny.

The Fear of the Workers

Men and Women Who are Fined Cannot have their Wrongs Righted Unless they—

Another Striking Article on the Curse of Fining.

—Give their Employer Away to the Factory Inspector. If They do this They are Sacked.

A READER who has been shocked by this series of articles writes as follows:—

"You say the workers are subjected to this fearful fining. Here's a tip: Let them tell the Inspector when they see him in the factory exactly what is going on so that he can make a prompt investigation on the spot."

It is an excellent idea, but if it were carried out we should soon have a large number of hands thrown out of work. One of the most remarkable things about our factories and the system of their supervision is the mystery which hangs over an Inspector. It covers him as effectively as a November fog covers London.

Instead of going to a mill and making himself known to the "hands," he holds himself aloof from them, believing, apparently, that it is best to work alone.

One might safely wager any amount of money that every single factory Inspector in this country could walk through every single mill in this country and not be recognised as an Inspector by a single operative, excepting watchmen (who are always on the look-out, and so know the Inspector's face), engine tenters (most of these have been caught at one time or another starting the engines too early), and overlookers and office boys, who may on occasion have been called upon to answer pointed questions relative to objectionable conditions which they witness daily.

Factory Acts are Farces.

It is a foolish way of working. Factory Inspectors will never get the truth from employers when the truth means an admission of guilt. But with the ever-present fear of the "sack" hanging over the workers' heads, it is difficult to suggest a remedy. If the operatives are to play a more prominent part in seeing that the Factory Acts are adhered to, if they are to be invited to give information to factory Inspectors, they must have an assurance that they will not lose their jobs in consequence.

Speaking broadly, the Factory Acts are converted into farces every day. The number of prosecutions mentioned in our factory Inspectors' reports have never been a true indication of the number of evils that exist and the number of times that the law has been broken. As things stand at present Inspectors can only go so far. In order to go farther they need the co-operation of the "hands."

Will they ever get this assistance? It is difficult to say. But if it is rendered those who render it must have guarantees. Let these be given, and we shall soon hear a different story about the working of the Factory Acts. To-day it is useless to hope that our reader's suggestion will be carried out.

It Clogs the Wheels of Progress.

If an operative were to button-hole an Inspector to-morrow and whisper the tale of some illegality he or she would quickly be discharged. Operatives who are ready to do this sort of thing are not wanted.

All this has a direct bearing upon "The Curse of Factory Fines," inasmuch as if a factory Inspector could learn more of the truth there would be more prosecutions and more salutary penalties imposed.

We want to destroy the unhealthy fear which for so long has saddened the heart of the worker and at the same time done so much to clog the wheels of progress. If it be necessary to go so far, why not have Government detectives in the shape of operatives? Hundreds of factory masters have spies on the look-out for Inspectors, and only good could come of imitating them.

When the Truck Committee inquired into the working of the Act several witnesses came who worked in shops. In the official report one of these witnesses is given as "Miss X." This is how her evidence ran:

The Chairman: I understand you do not wish to give your name. We should be very glad if we could put a ticket upon you, but we must get your name. We could make a resolve that we shall not publish your name in our reports if that will be suitable.

Miss X: It means if my name is published I get the swap (discharge), and I have to go at a minute's notice, and my employer would not mind spoiling my reference. He does not know I have come here to-day.

The Chairman: If you would give us your name we could undertake that it should not be published.

Miss X: That you will not mention names at all?

The Chairman: That we will not mention names at all, nor even mention the name of the firm referred to, but we must have your own name for our own information.

The witness gave her name, and one hopes that she did not suffer in consequence.

It is a striking commentary on the conditions which are allowed to exist that a witness before a Government Commission which is inquiring into a great industrial grievance, hesitates about giving her name for fear that she will be thrown out of employment.

"I Shall be Dismissed."

Another witness—a man—is referred to in the report as "Mr. Y." Here is the beginning of his evidence.

The Chairman: Have you any objection to your name appearing as witness?

Mr. Y: At the present time I really do not know. I was summoned to come yesterday and I asked for a day off, but I suppose I shall be dismissed when I go back for taking two days, so that I do not suppose it will matter a great deal whether my name appears or not. But until I give you permission to publish it it would be just as well to keep it quiet, I think.

In answer to a member of the Committee, "Mr. Y" explained that he had intended to return after the first day, "But the Secretary informed me to attend on Friday morning."

These examples, taken from faithful records of the proceedings, go to show the state of fear which prevails among the workers of the country. It is this fear which feeds the fining evil and which has fed it for many, many years. Kill it; let the operatives work hand-in-hand with the Government officials, and before very long we shall see an improvement.

Donned his Sunday Suit.

Quite recently a weaver in a Lancashire town was dismissed. The reason for this dismissal does not affect the story. But he felt hurt and hit upon a plan of revenge. One morning he donned his Sunday suit, made himself appear as little like a factory worker as possible, and proceeded to the mill where he had been employed. The gate was barred, but he knocked loudly on it and gained an entry without stating who he was.

"The Inspector!" the watchman cried.

The manager's face suddenly changed colour, and he raced round the mill giving quick instructions for everything to be put in order. When the joker had had enough of his joke he walked out and nobody said a word to him.

The story went round the town, and a good many people refused to believe it; but it is true, and the joke can be played at most mills in the country. Every well-dressed stranger who enters a mill is suspected of being a factory Inspector, and feared as such.

The employers are afraid of him because they are breaking the law in a dozen different ways. The workers are afraid of him because they know that if he asks them questions the employer will at once assume that they are giving the firm away.

There is only one way of helping the workers to have their wrongs righted, and that is, to sign our petition to Parliament to abolish the fining system in factories and workshops.

Do it now!

Send a postcard addressed to the Petition Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., giving us your address, and we will immediately forward one of the Petition Forms for your signature.

NOW CERTIFIED FREE FROM KIDNEY COMPLAINT BY HER DOCTOR.

"When in business some years ago," says Mrs. M. Brewster, of 64, Dorien Road, Raynes Park, Wimbledon, S.W., "I was seriously ill with kidney trouble, but I recovered somewhat upon spending a few months in the country, on the advice of my doctor.

"Upon returning to London, however, I was again attacked by pain in the back and weakness and depression, which I knew to be signs of my old complaint returning. The backache seemed to take away all my energy; my head ached almost constantly, and often I came over so dizzy that I nearly fell.

"There were other symptoms which left no doubt that my kidneys were affected, but upon starting with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills I noticed that day by day my back was growing better, and I was recovering my energy. The third box of Doan's Pills completely restored me to health; and only a short time ago the doctor certified me to be perfectly free from any sign of kidney trouble. (Signed) (Mrs.) M. Brewster."

A year later Mrs. Brewster wrote:—"Gentlemen,—Since taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills I have been keeping in excellent health."

When the kidneys are ill the whole body is being slowly poisoned. That is why kidney complaint is so serious, and why it so often ends fatally. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cleanse and gently heal the kidneys, and so cure the cause of kidney trouble, backache, rheumatism, dropsy, bladder disorders, gravel, languor, weakness and unnatural drowsiness.

2/9 a box, 6 boxes 13/9; of all dealers; or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Don't ask for backache or kidney pills—ask *distinctly* for *Doan's* Backache Kidney Pills, the same as Mrs. Brewster had.

A new little book—a book entitled "Concerning Learning and Earning"—is now ready for distribution—an attractive little book—full of interest to parents with sons and daughters to place in the world—it tells how Pitman's prepares youths and young ladies for the many excellent business and secretarial posts which the school has at its disposal.

WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TO-DAY.
Address (mentioning No. 26) The Secretary.

PITMAN'S SCHOOL,
Southampton Row, W.C.

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER £1 A WEEK?

Reliable persons will be provided with constant home work on **Auto-Knitters** by hosiery manufacturers. Experience unnecessary, distance immaterial. Write at once to **C. C. GENE & CO.** (Dept. 12), **52 Belvoir St., Leicester.**

For the best lists I will give five briar pipes. Mark postcards "Pervert." (See page 736.)

I'M A NEW BAD MICROBE.

Something about Berlin's Terrible New Disease, and other Microbes that have Baffled the Doctors.

MEDICAL science can pride itself on the fact that it has succeeded in abolishing many of the diseases that our forefathers dreaded. The terrible "gaol-fever," which used to sweep through our prisons and often pass from the dock to take the judge on the Bench, is now unknown. Small-pox, which used to mark one face in ten, is practically gone. Diphtheria is losing its terrors. But new diseases keep springing up.

Berlin, for instance, has just been suffering from a new and terrible epidemic. Scores of men have died painful deaths, while hundreds of others have been struck down, often while walking along the street. Berlin was in the grip of a general panic, the rumour flying round that a swift and terrible form of cholera was abroad. Bacteriologists worked night and day in the hospitals till at length the new poisonous bacteria were identified.

At precisely the same time a new disease was puzzling the doctors of the Fylde district of Lancashire, after having previously killed off dozens of children in Cornwall and Kent.

The symptoms are those of paralysis, and the disease attacks only young children. The use of the legs is usually lost, and no case of recovery has yet been noted. So far the medical profession has been unable to trace the cause or identify the microbe. The name "poliomelites," however, has been given to the new disease.

"Flu" Puzzled the M.D.'s.

Well as we know the name of influenza nowadays the name and the disease are still comparatively new. There had been an outbreak of some such disease over half a century before, but when an epidemic swept through England in 1890 the new generation of doctors were greatly puzzled, particularly as it had changed its character, there now being no signs of catarrh.

The deaths were usually ascribed to pneumonia or bronchitis till the influenza microbe was discovered and named. For weeks the death rate ran between four and five hundred. Every year since, the influenza microbe has been a regular visitor.

Where it comes from is still somewhat of a mystery, though it is supposed only to reach our shores when the wind is blowing from the Continent.

Some medical professors believe it always originates in earthquake countries, and is bred in gases rising from subterranean regions.

One curious fact about the ways of this unpleasant microbe is that a ship can sail into an influenza zone, have half its crew down with the disease, and then sail out of it, without ever having touched at a port to ship the microbe there. Even in the 'nineties many people called the 'flu "ague," insisting that it was that vanished disease back again. But we know the microbe now.

But the most terrible of all newcomers in the microbe line is that of pneumonic plague, which was discovered by the resident bacteriologist at Ipswich Hospital. During the last four years there have been sixteen plague deaths, but the number would have been infinitely greater had not the most stringent precautions been taken.

Rats Bring Plague Germs.

This form of plague is propagated by rat fleas, and pessimistic scientists have warned the nation that at any time in the months in which the average temperature is over fifty degrees the plague may break loose and sweep over Britain, a country that has known no form of plague for over two hundred years.

The microbe is supposed to have been introduced by rats escaping from ships carrying grain from foreign countries.

The plague was at first supposed to be bubonic, but is now recognised as pneumonic, a hitherto unknown variety.

The bacillus of typhoid has long been known, but only very recently has it been recognised that certain persons, typhoid-proof themselves, may yet be living "cultures," or breeding-places, of these bacilli.

The most famous case is that of "Typhoid Mary," a New York cook who, after unconsciously killing over thirty people by typhoid, was imprisoned on an island to keep her isolated, and is now suing the City of New York for £10,000 damages.

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

A USEFUL PEN.

THIS picture shows the ingenious pen used for ruling paper with the necessary pounds, shillings, and pence columns.

Where large quantities of such paper has to be prepared this device proves much quicker and a more accurate method of doing it than the ordinary pen.

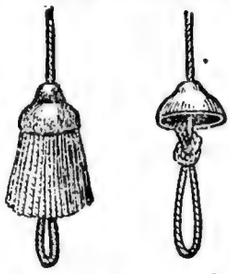
The first nib (A in picture) draws both the usual lines for the pounds space, and is a little further away from B than B is from C.

Another pen similar to this one is used for ruling the lines required for the stave in music.

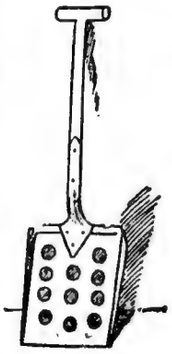
SAVES THE TASSELS.

TASSELS which are in frequent use for any purpose, such as drawing blinds or curtains, soon become soiled and frayed.

A simple way to avoid this is as follows: The foundation of a tassel is wood turned round and provided with a hole through the centre, through which the cord is passed, being fastened by a simple knot at the end.



Now, if the cord be drawn through some distance and then doubled and tied, as in Fig. 2, a loop which projects below the fringe, Fig. 1, is formed. This is hardly noticeable, and affords a ready means for pulling the cord without injuring the tassel itself.



FOR STOKING FIRES.

FOR some purposes it is necessary to stoke fires with fuel free from dust.

So a shovel like the one shown in the picture is used.

The blade or pan is perforated with holes about 1¼ inch in diameter; these are not placed in a regular pattern, but arranged as much as possible not to be opposite to each other.

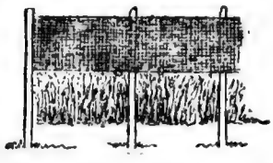
The slack falls through the holes and clean coal is secured without extra trouble.

SHELTER FROM THE WIND.

VEGETATION suffers more from the effects of wind than from frost or any other cause.

For this reason you often see the beds of flowers and shrubs planted near the sea front protected with a low fence of coarsely woven cocoanut coir cloth attached to stakes, like the top sketch.

Without this protection tender plants would soon shrivel up.



Hops, too, require shelter. Wherever practicable the hedges which border the gardens are allowed to grow up high; but when the fences are low additional shelter is provided by fastening the same kind of material, which for this purpose is woven six or eight feet wide, to long poles, like the lower sketch.

Hundreds of yards of this kind of protection may be seen in the hop-growing districts.

A SITUATION of £200 a Year

Offered to Our Readers.

The Caxton Publishing Co. Ltd. will shortly have a vacancy for a well-trained business man or woman. The commencing salary will be £200 per annum.

It has been decided to throw open this position to competitive Examination. This Examination is open to all, on the conditions which will be sent free on application.

An alternative First Prize of £100 in cash is offered in the event of the winner being already employed, or for some reason not desiring to take up a situation which may lead to important advancement, and furnish an opportunity to start in the direct line to business success.

In addition there will be a Second Prize of £25 in cash, a Third of £10 in cash, and nine other valuable prizes.

The following prominent business men have kindly consented to act as judges: Sir William Treloar, Bart.; Sir George Riddell; Sir Joseph Lyons; T. J. Barratt, Esq. (Chairman A. & F. Pears Ltd.); John Lawrie, Esq. (Managing Director, William Whiteley Ltd.).

Nature of the Examination.

The examination is of an interesting character, and no question in it will be found beyond the capacity of an average business mind. Competitors are allowed to use works of reference and to quote them as their authority for the answers given. As it is impossible to print in the limited space of this announcement the whole of the particulars, a brief Prospectus of the Examination has been prepared, indicating the character and scope of the Examination, which will be sent post free on receipt of the coupon at the bottom of this column.

Why You Should Enter.

It is distinctly understood that sending for the Prospectus of the Examination does not commit any reader to the intention of entering the Competition. You may be already engaged in business for your own benefit, or may be earning a higher salary, but the Examination project will nevertheless interest you.

Although you may not wish for the £200 salary, the alternate prize of £100 in money may appeal to you. But you will undoubtedly find the Examination interesting and informing. It will enlarge your views on Commercial Life. It will unquestionably suggest new trains of business thought, and perhaps bring you into contact with ideas having practical value. Without consuming many hours of your time, it will offer you profitable recreation during the long evenings. And, in addition there are twelve substantial prizes.

The Only Condition.

The only condition is that competitors must own the Business Encyclopædia, for the Caxton Publishing Co. Ltd. honestly believes that the man or woman who does not own that work cannot be fully equipped for success. If you are interested in the offer of a commencing salary of £200 a year (or alternatively £100 in money) and eleven other prizes, write at once for the prospectus.

FREE COUPON.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,
51 Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me particulars of your Business Examination, and also particulars of the Business Encyclopædia, and your offer to deliver the complete work for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

Present Occupation .....

When sending Picture Pars, address your envelope to the Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A Bit of Bluff

How a Young Couple Made Marriage Possible.

By H. KINGSLEY-LONG.

JACK LORING lived with his mother, a dear old soul, whose fondness for her son was almost pathetic. The devotion was returned and, until he became engaged, the fact that he had to support her never occurred to Jack as a hardship. Even after his engagement he felt no resentment, but sometimes as he set out to see his sweetheart the thought of the poor old lady at home and the meagre £2 coming in weekly, made him sigh.

On the particular Saturday afternoon on which this story opens Jack Loring called at No. 2, Theresa Place at least half an hour earlier than was his wont.

Though he hardly looked it, Jack was twenty-nine, and for the past four years anyone passing casually by Theresa Place on any Saturday afternoon at three o'clock precisely might have seen him ringing the bell of No. 2.

In fact, this was the house that inshrined Jack's idol, Miss Violet Westgood. Violet was really quite a nice young woman and very pretty.

Mrs. Westgood opened the door and showed Jack into the drawing-room. She murmured something about the weather, and told Jack that "Vi" would be down in a minute.

As if in answer to her words, Violet came in, looking unusually attractive in white chiffon with a pink bow at her throat. That her lover appreciated the general effect was evidenced in the young lady's first remark.

"Don't, Jack," she said, "I've just done my hair." Afterwards he told her the news. Though he wore a black tie he seemed decidedly elated.

"Just fancy old Dennis!" said he, and then, "Fifteen hundred pounds!"

There was an interlude of mutual congratulation. You see, Dennis was a distant cousin who had gone to the Colonies a long time ago, and had there established a successful butchering business. His death had left his widow well provided, and had enriched Jack Loring by £1,500.

Now a clerk, even the head clerk to so respectable a firm as that of Pyecroft, Pyecroft, and Freiss, brokers and valuers, of Crannop-Under-Bilton, regards a legacy of £1,500 as an event of considerable importance.

The happy couple talked the affair over at some length and in detail in the course of their usual Saturday afternoon's walk. Jack had his eye on a very neat little semi-detached residence offered at the ridiculously low rental of £19 19s. annually. He talked of buying furniture and of putting up the banns. The balance of his capital he intended to invest.

Violet was delighted but diffident about the banns. In short the young couple were extremely happy. They sat upon a stile and talked as only lovers can talk.

It was not until the homeward journey that Violet had the idea. She had a way with her, had Violet, and quite a lot of confidence; but even she was rather alarmed at the idea.

As for Jack Loring it took his breath away. At first he would not hear of it, but, in trying to persuade him, Violet's own confidence grew stronger. She became quite convinced that they really ought to give it a trial. Ultimately Jack, still very much alarmed, agreed to fall in with her wishes.

"After all," said she, on the doorstep of No. 2, "you know old Pyecroft *ought* to do it. He couldn't get anyone to take your place, so why shouldn't he?"

* * * * *

The firm of Pyecroft, Pyecroft, and Freiss had been established for more than forty years. It had dingy offices in a back street, but its ledgers were as bulky as its balance at the bank. The firm was now vested in one person only—Abinadab Pyecroft—known to the world generally as "Old Pye," and to his clerks by the simple name of "Paunchy." Jack would have told you that Abinadab "was a fairly decent old cove, but close.

Jack had been with the firm since he was sixteen, and he had really become uncommonly useful. Mr. Pyecroft gradually spent longer and longer at the Constitutional over his paper, remarking to, or agreeing with, his fellow-clubmen that "The country was going to the dogs under this rascally Government, sir."

More and more he relegated his duties to young Loring. Occasionally he congratualted himself on the bargain he had got, and brushed away any fears that a weekly £2 would be insufficient to hold the young man by recalling the fact that Jack had no wealthy relatives, and as much as he could do to keep his old mother. Still he felt that next year he really would spring another five shillings.

It came then as rather a shock to the old gentleman when, on the Tuesday after Jack's walk with his sweetheart, a huge motor-car drew up outside the office, containing no one but a smart-looking chauffeur.

Mr. Pyecroft had already been rather surprised that morning by Jack Loring's faultless new frock-coat. Jack had taken away the correspondence with perfect suavity, but Mr. Pyecroft, who was something of a connoisseur in that sort of thing, could not help observing the pearl in his head clerk's black tie, or the orchid in his button-hole. He had reflected that he had been in too much of a hurry about that extra five shillings. The young fellow seemed to be doing very well as it was. "Deuced well," he added to himself as he admired Mr. Loring's spats.

The Daimler purred at the edge of the pavement, and Abinadab stood to gaze. At that precise moment Jack Loring came down the steps. The chauffeur sprang to meet him, and opened the door of the car into which—Old Pyecroft could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses—his employee, quite unconcernedly stepped. Loring raised his hat to the old gentleman, and then in a clear voice directed the chauffeur. "The Imperial, Smith," he cried.

It was the best, the most luxurious, and the most costly hotel in Crannop-Under-Bilton!

Mr. Pyecroft took off his silk hat and mopped the top of his large, bald forehead with his handkerchief. He felt seriously upset, and that day his chop disagreed with him. He remembered his head clerk's black tie and felt monstrously uneasy.

Mr. Pyecroft arrived early at his office next morning, and was privileged to watch Jack's arrival in the same car, and smoking a fat cigar.

"Call for me at one, Smith," said he in alighting.

Old Pye was annoyed, very much annoyed. It really was awkward for a man, even in his position, to have a head clerk at two pounds a week, who drove to business in a Daimler. He was distinctly short with Loring when the latter came to his room for the correspondence. Jack turned just as he was leaving.

"By the way, sir," said he, "in regard to that block of B. shares in the Gas Company that you directed should be put on offer at 50⅝, I should be glad to take them myself at that figure."

The jaw of Abinadab Pyecroft, sole surviving partner in the firm of Pyecroft, Pyecroft, and Freiss, dropped, almost with a click. Mr. Loring stood imperturbable at the door with the correspondence in his hand. "Ce-ce-certainly, if you care to," said the great man lamely.

Jones, the inquisitive member of the Constitutional Club, sat opposite to Mr. Pyecroft at lunch that day.

"I say, Pyecroft," he remarked confidentially, "I had no idea you were taking a partner. Seems to drive a pretty good car too, eh?"

Abinadab glared at him in wrathful silence.

That evening Loring actually offered his employer a lift, and taking the latter's amazed silence for consent, drove him luxuriously home.

It was more than the old gentleman could stand. He decided that he would give Loring a month's notice. He stood on his fender and glared. "Certainly Loring should go. It was outrageous, absurd! Why didn't the fellow leave. He had evidently come into money? To stay at the Imperial of all places!

"Perfectly preposterous!" spluttered Abinadab Pyecroft. That was on Wednesday. On Thursday he began to realise with some annoyance that things would be awkward when Loring was gone. The other clerks were fools, every one of them. On Friday Mr. Pyecroft was certain that it would be most infernally awkward without his head clerk. On Saturday he offered Jack a junior partnership.

* * * * *

Jack raced up the steps of No. 2, Theresa Place, tugged the bell, and rattled the knocker. When the door opened he placed both arms round Mrs. Westgood's ample waist, swung her round three times and kissed her on each cheek. He deposited her, breathless, on the hall chair, and darted into the kitchen.

"Violet darling, it's come off!" he yelled.

She was making pastry, and there followed a breathless five minutes, at the conclusion of which Jack Loring's frock-coat was white with flour.

Violet was the colour of a red rose. "Jack, how *can* you?" she said.

Later he produced a document, and pointed triumphantly to a legend which read: Pyecroft, Pyecroft, Freiss, and Loring.

"What with the hire of the car, and the other expenses, it's cost me nearly £300," he concluded ruefully, "but," and his face brightened, "*The banns will be cried next Sunday!*"

TRY "SPARKLETS" TO-NIGHT

£1,119 Now Paid in Prizes to Winners.

Don't hesitate. Try Sparklets to-night. Other readers have entered this competition, and their efforts have won £1,119 for them. What they have done, you may do, so don't hesitate, but send your Sparklets on to-night.

You will find Sparklets both simple and easy to make. What you have to do is to make a sentence or phrase containing the letters of a given word. This week it is "She," which you will find on the entry form opposite, while the pictures in the heading above will no doubt help you with ideas.

An example sentence, which must not be used, and which will show you how to make Sparklets, might read:

*Droop**S** eyelas**H** demur**E**ly.*

You will see at a glance that each word of your phrase must contain one of the letters of "She," but these letters need not be the initials of the words of your phrase, a fact which simplifies your task considerably. At the same time, the words of your phrase should contain the letters of "She" in their proper order.

You may send two Sparklets on one entry form for 6d.

Half of the prize-money available will be awarded to the competitor whose "Sparklet" is considered the best by the adjudicators, and the remainder will be distributed amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified. Two attempts may be written on one entry form, but any number of entry forms may be sent in provided each entry form is accompanied by a postal order for 6d.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
3. Mark your envelope "Sparklets No. 21" in the top left-hand corner.
4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, January 18th.
5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), one half will be awarded to the sender of the Sparklet considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Sparklet thus selected by the adjudicators, the half will be divided amongst all such senders.
7. The remaining half will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM. **SPARKLETS No. 21.**

No. of Postal Order .....

SHE.

(1) .....

.....

(2) .....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Next week the word for Sparklets will be "Fly."

RESULT OF "SPARKLETS" No. 21.

IN this Contest the amount available for distribution was £28 6s., which brings the total awarded in the contests up to £1,119.

The first prize of £14 3s. has been awarded to Mrs. Franklin, Park Farm, Northwood, Middlesex, who submitted the following "Sparklet" on **PA**:

HelPed lAst.

(Names of Recipients of Consolation Gifts will be found on Page iii. of cover.)

Now ladies! You are always accusing the men of being ruder than yourselves. *(Turn to p. 732.)*

HIGH COST OF LIVING BROUGHT DOWN TO A FINE POINT OF ECONOMY

—the increased cost of living will benefit you, if it impels you to have delicious Quaker Oats every day. **There is no increase in the price of Quaker Oats**—the most economical and most nourishing of foods. Science proves it.

Quaker Oats makes the most delicious of all porridges. Your palate will prove *that* for you.

Cook according to the directions on the packet. Try Quaker Oats 30 days, and see how strong the family will be, and how weak the food bills.

The Quaker Sealed Packet protects the large rich Quaker Flakes from dust and dirt.

40 Meals 6d.

28/2

RINGWORM

Only ZAM-BUK Could Cure These Tortured Children.

ZAM-BUK has restored happiness in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown, by rescuing their family of little ones from torturing ringworms. At their home, 3 Gibson Terrace, Chiltern Street, Hull, Mrs. Brown said to a Hull reporter:—

"Hilda (5) and Irene (3), while playing in the street scattered a handful of gutter-dust over their heads. A few days afterwards I found a lot of inflamed pimples on their scalps, and two big red ringworms on Hilda's back. The scalp pimples soon turned to this dread disease as well. A big ringworm also came on my baby Esther's hand.

"All the children were tortured with the itching. The ringworms spread all over Irene's scalp in a mass of thick scabs, and I had to cut her hair away. The doctor suggested X-rays treatment. I didn't like the idea, however. Chemists' ointments and salves cost me a little fortune without any satisfactory return, and I was in despair.

"After reading about Zam-Buk I gave this new balm a trial. Esther's ringworm disappeared very quickly, and both Irene and Hilda were relieved. The children simply clamoured for Zam-Buk—it was so soothing to their tortured skin.

"Hilda's back and head next got better; then Zam-Buk loosened Irene's cap of scabs, which fell away and left her scalp sweet and clean. Free from disease, the children's heads soon became covered with a new growth of healthy hair. I call Zam-Buk a mother's treasure."

Zam-Buk

In Sealed Packages only.

For healing chapped hands and chilblains, and banishing all trace of eczema, pimples, ulcers, and piles, only Zam-Buk is to be relied upon. Of all chemists.

FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the World-famous Cure for Epilepsy and Fits. Simple Home Treatment. 25 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the World. Write at once to TRENCH'S REMEDIES Ltd., 33D South Frederick Street, Dublin.

The Adams' Quality—The Best.

ADAMS'S HYGIENIC FLOOR POLISH

Beautifies and preserves Wood Floorings, Linoleums, &c. In tins, 6d. & 1/-. Made at Sheffield and sold at all stores, etc.

THE HAUNTED PYJAMAS

IS A JOLLY FINE STORY. It's the best thing in the way of humour for a long time. It's new, different, mysterious, creepy, uproarious, ridiculous, full of delicious surprises, and at each event you laugh the more. Every person in the story gets into the awful pyjamas at some time or other, and before long a whole city is pyjama "dotty," from the police to the hero, and the heroine—almost.

THE HAUNTED PYJAMAS.

By-and-by somebody wiser than yourself may ask you, "Have you read ***'THE HAUNTED PYJAMAS'?"*** If you say "No," you will get a pitying look, and you will feel lonely and cheap. Because everybody is bound to talk about this story during the year. That's certain. It's the kind of story you've got to talk about. You know the feeling. Start to read ***"THE HAUNTED PYJAMAS"*** now. If you are wise you will go to a newsagent and say "Let me see a copy of

THE WATCH DOG

and then you will tell him to send you **"THE WATCH DOG"** every week, because you are going to like **"THE WATCH DOG,"** and it is in this paper, and this paper only, that ***"THE HAUNTED PYJAMAS"*** will appear week by week, until the pyjamas and the hero and heroine—well—wait and see. If your newsagent tells you he does not keep **"THE WATCH DOG"** or has sold all the copies he takes, you must insist that he gets another copy for YOU, somehow or other. He will do it if you talk like that. Tell him you are worrying yourself thin to find out why those pyjamas could possibly be haunted. Tell him you can't get into your own pyjamas and go to sleep peacefully to-night for fear of what is going to happen to you. Tell him that if he wants to keep a regular customer out of the madhouse he's got to get you **"THE WATCH DOG,"** which tells the story of those awful pyjamas. You can buy

THE WATCH DOG

now at once. It is out to-day and costs One Penny. Don't forget, please.

Quips and Jestlets

THOUGHT HE MEANT "WAIST."

A BREWER'S dray had collided with a heavily-laden milk-cart, and sent can after can splashing into the street. Of course, the world assembled to watch the great event.

A small man, coming up late, had to stand on tip-toe and keep dodging his head from side to side in order to see past an enormously stout washerwoman, who was just in front of him.

"What is it? What is it?" he kept on asking.

At last he caught a glimpse—the shattered cart and the fresh, white milk streaming through the street.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned and stared at him.

"Mind your own business!" she snapped.

Ethel: "Their parents made the match, I believe."

Arthur: "I thought they opposed it."

Ethel: "Yes, that's how they made it."

Mrs. Leeder: "Norah, do you ever repeat anything you hear my husband and myself say to each other when we have a slight difference of opinion?"

Domestic (horrified): "Th' saints forbid, mum!"

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.

"Well, hardly," said the insect, as he winked the other eye. "Your parlour has an entrance, but of exits it is shy. So I'll stay outside in safety, and remain a little fly."

ONE NEVER KNOWS.

FAIR Elizabeth tripped blithely into the country post-office.

"Now, I want to know," she demanded, with a tell-tale blush, as she handed the clerk a pink communication addressed to her lover, "how long will it be before I get an answer to this letter?"

"That depends," he answered. "If he's in gaol they will let him write once a week or, maybe, once a month only. If he's dead broke he'll have to wait till he can earn the price of a stamp, and I have no data upon which to base an opinion of his earning capacities.

"If he's ill in bed he may not care to dictate his heart's sentiments to a cold, disinterested third party; and if it's smallpox they won't let him write at all; ditto, if he's dead. Then, again, if he's got a new girl——"

At which moment he realised that the fair Elizabeth had flown.

"WHERE am I?" the invalid exclaimed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hands had supplied. "Where am I—in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his wife; "I am still with you."

Friend: "What on earth are you doing to that picture?"

Great Artist: "I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. De Shoddie will be here this afternoon, and when she sees her pet dog smell at that rabbit she'll buy it."

Mrs. Yeast: "And so you use this rolling-pin every day?"

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Oh, no; not every day. You see, some days I don't cook, and some days my husband behaves quite decently."

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

TOMMY'S mother had taken him to church to hear the evening sermon, and they occupied seats in the gallery.

Tommy tried not to allow his attention to wander from the preacher, but it did.

He seemed to be particularly interested in a family who sat in front of him, and when the sermon was about half over he whispered to his mother:

"Mamma, I never saw those people before, but I know their names."

"Hush, dear!"

"But I do," persisted Tommy. "Their name's Hill."

"How do you know?"

"Every time the preacher says his text, 'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills,' those two big girls look at each other and smile."

"ROAST BEEF, ONE."

Guest: "Got any good roast beef?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir."

Guest: "Bring me one of your best cuts. I want it tender, juicy, not too well done, not too raw, and with very little gravy. Have the fat and lean about equally divided, and be particular not to cut the slice thick. And don't forget the horse-radish. Can you remember all that?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir. (Loudly): Roast beef, one."

OBSERVING THE SIGNS.

"YOUR husband might have a little solid food directly he begins to mend," said the doctor.

"But how am I to tell?" inquired the anxious wife.

"The convalescent stages of influenza," replied the doctor, "are marked by a slight irritability."

The next day he called and found the patient's wife radiant.

"When I refused to order his steak and onions," she explained "he came into the kitchen and smashed fourteen soup plates and a dinner service so, of course, I sent out for a steak at once."

VERY OBLIGING.

Sympathetic Old Lady (to sentry outside Buckingham Palace): "Gracious me, you do look cold! What a thin overcoat; You take my advice and have a nice brisk trot round the Park. I'll mind yer little house for ye."

GOING TOO FAR.

Architect: "Now, where would you prefer the drawing-room, sir?"

Mr. Strukile: "Look here, young man, I've let you put up a smokin'-room, when I don't smoke; a music-room, when I couldn't play a mouth-organ; a nursery, when I ain't got no nurse; and a pantry, when I don't pant; but I'm goin' to draw the line at a drawin'-room, when I couldn't even draw a straight line."

"YOU'LL have to stop that noise," said the boss to the new office boy. "I don't pay you to whistle."

"Oh, that's all right. I ain't charging you for it," replied the kid.

A MARRIAGE FAILURE.

Little Dot (aged five): "Mamma, Dick and I got married this morning."

Mamma: "You did, did you! Who performed the ceremony?"

"I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"Well, how did you pretend that you were married?"

"Oh! Why, I got my dishes an' set the table, an' then we both sat down, an' he said there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' I said he was a brute, an' he went out an' slammed the door."

JUST A LITTLE.

"MORNING, sir! Yes, sir! Hair-cut, sir? Shave, sir?" sang out the obsequious barber.

"Shave, please," said the gentleman, seating himself in the chair. "And I'm in rather a hurry."

"Quite so, sir," went on the assistant, lathering the customer's face. "I pride myself on my quick methods, sir."

Then he brought the razor into operation.

A few lightning strokes and first blood was drawn.

"Sorry, sir!" apologised the man, scraping away, and making gashes, here and there, till the operation was at last concluded. "Want anything on your face, sir?"

"Well," said the customer, ruefully surveying himself in the glass, "I'd be obliged if you'd leave my nose!"

Hubbubs: "Have you any late trains to Lonelyville?"

Subbubs: "Yes. All our trains are late."

Plumduff: "Here's a man mentioned in this paper who is 103 years old and can walk ten miles at a stretch."

Goodguff: "Pooh! I can do that easy, and I'm not half as old as he is!"

Miss Jenkins: "I wouldn't marry the best man living!"

Perkins: "No—ah—er—perhaps not, but—er—that is really no obstacle to your marriage with me."

HIS DESCENT.

HE was a gentler specimen of his class than one usually meets, and when he made his appeal for something to eat at the kitchen door he was asked by the good-natured cook to come in by the fire.

As he sat there she said:

"You don't look as though you had always been a tramp."

"I haven't" he replied, without officence. "I came from a very good family."

She let him eat on without interruption, but after he had finished she said:

"You say you came from a good family. May I ask the name?"

"It was Blankleigh," he rejoined.

"Why," she said in surprise, "that's the name of the occupier next door to us."

"Yes," he replied, "I noticed it on the door-plate. That's who I came from—he threw me down his steps just before I called here."

Angry Mother: "Bobby!"

Bobby: "Yes, mamma."

Angry Mother: "You are not to do that! Now, don't let me speak to you again!"

Bobby (with a sigh): "But how can I stop you, mamma?"

Briggs: "I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital, and have just got an acknowledgment from the authorities."

Lofty: "Were they pleased?"

Briggs: "They wrote that every little helped."

Husband: "Why do you have fish every day? Are you so very fond of it?"

Wife: "No, dear; but I've read a lovely recipe for removing a fish-bone when it sticks in your throat, and I wanted to try it."

Kayes: "Why are you so miserable?"

Mayes: "I tried to economise by marrying a typist."

"Good idea."

"No, it wasn't. She refuses to do any more typewriting, insists on having two servants to wait on her, and declares that my next secretary must be a man, although men want larger salaries."

WHY HE KNOCKED.

SMALL Welsh station.

Porter: "Yes, you see, sir, it's no good tapping at the booking-office window. It will not open until ten minutes before the train starts whatever you do."

Benighted Traveller (who wishes to reach Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogogerbooltysiliogogo): "Ten minutes? Good gracious! Why, it'll take me a quarter of an hour to tell 'em where I want to go."

Back up your accusations with arguments. Not more than fifty words. *(Turn to page 734.)*

GRAVES

'Always Merry and Bright'

WE DELIVER immediately this POWERFUL HIGH-GRADE GRAMOPHONE including TEN Brilliant Disc Record Selections and all accessories, Carriage Paid to all approved orders for 5/- with order, and if when you have heard the instrument in your own home, you are delighted with its performance and fully convinced of the exceptional value and bona-fide character of this remarkable offer, the balance of 45/- is payable by Nine Monthly Payments of 5/- or one payment of 40/- if you accept the Cash Discount.

THIS HANDSOME WELL-BUILT GRAMOPHONE is our own exclusive speciality, absolutely up-to-date and contains every modern improvement. **The Cabinet** is a handsome and substantial construction in **solid dark Oak**, 12½ × 12½ × 5½in polished to a fine piano finish and embellished with a tasteful decorative Art Metal Panel of Grecian design. **Powerful silent steel Motor**, finely proportioned nickel-plated **taper Tone Arm**, solid 10in Turntable, large 16in Sound Horn with nine leaves, and decorated in a charming combination of softly blended Art Shades and colourings. The **Sound Reproducer** follows the principles of the latest patents & is sufficiently powerful to perform full **Military Band Selections** with superb brilliance and realistic effect, and so exquisitely sensitive as to reproduce with amazing naturalness the most subdued and delicate passages of orchestration, as well as the minutest variations of the solo artiste's voice.

The "Daily Chronicle" says (Dec. 10th, 1910)—"To hear a Graves Gramophone is to realise the best and latest word in Gramophone Perfection; it renders music *as* music; it does not give it with a muttered accompaniment of its own; and it reproduces the human voice with an exactitude quite startling—its value is marvellous."

IN YOUR HOME GRAMOPHONE CONCERTS you may hear the finest performances of the World's Greatest Bands and Orchestras, the noblest compositions of the Great Composers, the jests and drolleries of your favourite Kings of Laughter, the Gems of the Operas, the masterpieces of Sacred Music, the popular songs of the Great Star Artistes, and everything worth listening to may be reproduced in your own family circle with lifelike naturalness and entrancing effect. For your festive gatherings a Graves Gramophone is the **Prince of Entertainers. It breaks the Ice.** It provides a programme for all tastes, and as your friends gather round & hear its humour and drollery, coldness & reserve disappear, & your social gatherings are an assured success.

2/- in the £ Cash Discount.

This is a straightforward Honest Offer. There are no tricks or complications. Graves Gramophones are SOLD SOLELY ON THEIR MERITS, and unless you are completely charmed and delighted when you have heard the machine and records, you are under no obligation whatever to keep it. WE INSTANTLY RETURN every penny you have paid, without a moment's hesitation. **Don't be prejudiced,** unless you have heard an up-to-date Graves Gramophone, you can form no idea of the powers of this amazing instrument, and you simply don't know what you are missing. Have it sent on approval at our expense, hear it at your leisure in your own home, and if you think we have overstated its attractions BY A SINGLE WORD, simply send it back carriage forward, and have your money refunded at once. We are willing to stand or fall by your decision. Warranted for Three Years. Will last for a lifetime.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Write for our New Catalogue. A Postcard will bring you our New Art Gramophone Catalogue, which is a complete illustrated guide to the latest and best models in both needle and sapphire machines. This attractive work gives you more interesting and practical Gramophone information in half an hour than you would otherwise learn in years. Every style handsomely illustrated. Full specifications given to every model, and all these high-grade machines are supplied on Easy Monthly terms or Discount for Cash

IMPORTANT. All Gramophone Owners should write for our extraordinary offer of Needle Disc Records, arranged in complete programmes of **20** magnificent selections, delivered complete on approval for **2/6** with order and easy monthly payments. We are headquarters for Records and give you a marvellous choice of the cream of the world's talent in every department. Send a Postcard for price list and particulars.

GRAMOPHONES

LIQUOR HABIT
CONQUERED

No more Misery. Get rid of the drink habit in 3 days.

After being a heavy drinker for years **I was saved** and providentially came into possession of the true remedy for overcoming **alcoholism.** The drinker who wants to **stop for ever,** getting rid of the awful craving, can easily do so, losing no time and enjoying life better than ever before. **Marvellous success.** Safe, reliable, medically endorsed.

DRINKERS SECRETLY SAVED

If a person is **addicted** so strongly that he has lost desire to be rescued, he can be treated **secretly**; will become disgusted with odour and taste of liquor. Lepons of **testimonials** verifying genuineness of my methods. **Joyous news** for drinkers and for **mothers, wives,** etc., contained in my **Book.** Sent plain wrapper, free. Keep this advt. or pass it on.

Address:—EDW. J. WOODS, 10 Norfolk Street (351 R.), Strand, W.C.

It will pay you to read this book now.

A HANDY GUIDE FOR INCOME-TAX PAYERS.

With chapters on Rating, Inhabited House Duty, and Land Tax.

By WILFRID T. FRY.

Price 1/- from all Booksellers or 1/3, post paid, from A. F. BOWLER, 28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

C. & G. KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL

Widow Welch's Female Pills.

Prompt and reliable, **for Ladies.** The only Genuine. **AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition, 1891. 100 Years' Reputation.** Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists, or post free 1/2 and 2/10 from

CATHERINE KEARSLEY
(Dept. P.W.), 42 Waterloo Road, London, S.E.

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., London, W.C. Established 25 years.

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTES.

Mr. J. Jackson, W. Smithfield, writes—

"YOUR Cigarette Maker is a little marvel and ought to have been invented years ago. I can now afford to smoke good class cigarettes, and making them at home is a pleasure."

Ask for at your Tobacconist, or send **2½d.** stamps for Sample Maker.

"Tobacco" writes: "It is simple and effective."

Thousands Sold.—Saves Cost in first ounce Tobacco.
OSMANS PATENTS Ltd., Leytonstone, London, N.E.

Try . . .

"LU-KU"
SNUFF

The Reliable Preventive and Cure for

NASAL CATARRH, INFLUENZA COLDS, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND KINDRED COMPLAINTS.

All Chemists 1/1½ per box. Unsolicited testimonials received daily from all parts.

"LU-KU,"

ARCADE BUILDINGS, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

LADIES

GAUTIER'S FAMOUS PILLS are without doubt the best remedy ever offered for Female Weaknesses and Irregularities. They are Strong, Safe, Sure and Speedy. Price, under cover, 1/1 and 2/9; extra strong, 4/6. BALDWIN & Co., Herb-Drug Stores, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No chafing, pain or inconvenience. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. *No salves. No lies. Durable. Cheap.*

SENT ON TRIAL.

CATALOGUE FREE.

C. E. BROOKS, 642a Bank Buildings (corner of Portugal Street), Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.

Home Notes Page

Conducted by Isobel

DAINTY DISHES.

Milk Scones.

Take one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and sugar to taste. Mix this with sufficient milk to form a stiff dough, then form into little twists or small loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

Mock Roast Fowl.

Take three ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of beef suet, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of finely grated lemon rind, one egg, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix together, spread on a board, then skin one pound of pork sausages and spread upon the other mixture. Roll up, tie with string, and bake in the oven till brown. Serve with bread sauce.

Cheese Straws.

Mix together two ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, and a pinch of salt and cayenne pepper. When mixed, roll out like pastry to about one quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut into strips and bake on a sheet.

Sponge Jelly.

Take six sponge cakes (stale ones will do), cut them up, and place in a dish; mix and pour over them one pint of raspberry jelly (made from jelly cuttings), and leave to set overnight. Before serving, pour over it one pint of cold custard, flavoured with almond essence, and decorate with crystallised cherries and almonds.

English Shortbread.

Take half a pound each of butter and moist sugar and cream them together on a board. Add two well-beaten eggs, and rub in one pound of flour, working up a handful at a time till all is used. Form the mixture into two cakes, but do not use a rolling pin. Pinch the edges, and prick the centre with a fork; decorate with lemon peel. Slip the cakes on a piece of white paper and bake in a moderate oven.

Croquettes.

Take a walnut of butter and work it into a tablespoonful of flour, adding sufficient milk to make them into a thick white sauce, then boil well, adding milk as required to keep it of the same consistency. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of minced ham or fish as preferred, half a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a flavouring of salt with a pinch of cayenne pepper. Add this to the sauce, and stir over the fire for two or three minutes. Then spread on a plate and allow to get cold. Roll out a little very thin pastry, and cut into medium-sized rounds. Place a little of the mixture on half the number of rounds, and cover them with the others, pinching the edges closely together. Brush over with egg breadcrumb, and fry to a golden brown. Serve with bunches of fried parsley.

Ginger Wine.

Boil together for half an hour seven gallons of water, nineteen pounds of sugar, and nine ounces of the best Jamaica ginger, bruised. Remove the scum carefully, as it rises, and leave till next day. Chop very small nine pounds of raisins, half of which should be Muscatel and half Malaga. Put these into a twelve-gallon cask with a gallon and a half of good whiskey or any other spirit, and four lemons cut into slices. Let these ingredients stand till next day, then put with them the cleared liquid, straining it, and leaving any sediment behind. As there is no fermentation, the cask may be bunged immediately. In a fortnight the wine will be ready for fining by mixing with it one ounce of dissolved isinglass. In another fortnight it can be bottled.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR FITS.

OZERINE has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, &c., when everything else had failed. In almost every case fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and is now being used in all parts of the world. Thousands of testimonials, 25 years' invariable success. Test it free of charge. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I of its success. 4/6 and 11/- per bottle, post free. I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. 53), 25 High Street, Belfast.

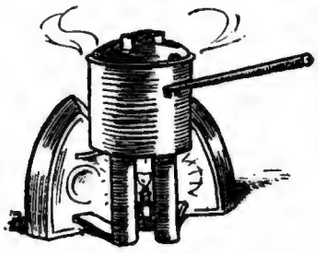
TACKS AS CLEANERS.

To remove mustard from the sides of your pot place a few tin-tacks in it, and add some warm water. Then shake the pot well for a few seconds, and pour off the water. The result will surprise you.

This method will also serve to clean glasses and bottles of any substance that has adhered to their sides. (*Prize won by* MISS MASON, 45 *Jackson Road, Saliley, Birmingham.*)

WARMING BABY'S MILK AT NIGHT.

THE little arrangement illustrated here will be found useful for warming baby's milk at night.



It consists of two ordinary flat irons standing on end, and placed in the manner shown in the sketch.

A small paraffin lamp is placed between the handles, and the saucepan rests on top.

MADE FROM CURTAIN RINGS.

A VERY pretty set of mats for the table may be made from curtain rings. Procure eighty-six brass rings about 1¼ to 1½ inches in diameter (such as are used for curtains) from any ironmongers at the cost of a few pence per dozen, and buttonhole round each with double Berlin wool in either crimson or a pretty shade in green, leaving a short length to sew each together.

The large mat should have six rings across the centre and taper down to one at each side, which will then make a diamond-shaped mat, and the two smaller mats five rings for each centre.

These mats when made are very strong and serviceable, lasting many years in everyday use. They are most useful for hot dishes, as they prevent the dishes from damaging the table-cloth.—(*Prize won by* MRS. E. YATES, *Mill House, Wakefield.*)

WHEN YOUR GAS ESCAPES.

WHEN a gas escape is noticed, it is a great mistake to try to discover the spot where the leak occurs by applying a lighted match round the pipes as an explosion will probably follow.

As soon as the smell of gas is noticed it should be turned off at the meter and a thorough current of air allowed to pass through the room. Then turn the gas on again, and by tracing the scent or listening for the sound caused by its filtering through the pipe, the leakage will be found quite easily.

A small leakage can be temporarily patched by a good layer of lard or, if preferred, soap. Should a pipe break it can be mended by slipping a piece of indiarubber tubing over it and tieing it on with string. This is, however, only a make-shift mend, and the leakage should have the plumber's prompt attention.

WHAT TO DO WHEN PIPES BURST.

A BURST water pipe is a common occurrence during freezing weather, generally occurring as a rapid thaw sets in.

As it often happens at night, when the aid of a plumber is not forthcoming at the moment, every householder should know what to do in event of such an accident.

As soon as a leak occurs the stop-cock should be shut off so as to prevent more water from leaving the cistern. In most houses this tap is so seldom used that it becomes quite stiff, and is unable to be moved in an emergency. At the beginning of the winter the stop-cock should be examined, and if at all stiff a few drops of oil should be applied and worked into it until it can be turned quite easily.

Should a pipe burst and the rush of water be very severe, the best way of arresting it is by slipping a flat piece of wood between the pipe and the wall and hammering the pipe sharply upon it. This flattens the pipe and checks the flow of water.

To avoid a burst pipe a small lamp or lowered gas jet should be kept burning during frosty weather where there are exposed pipes.

HOME HINTS.

Clean Paint

With a sponge instead of a flannel as it leaves no fluff on the woodwork.

Steel Fireplaces

Which have become discoloured by the fire, can be cleaned by rubbing with vinegar and sand.

Lamp Wicks

Should be soaked in vinegar for twenty-four hours and then dried. Treated thus they will never smell.

To Clean Old Discoloured Brass,

Pour strong ammonia over the article and scrub with a brush, then rinse in clear water.

When Washing Flannels or Blankets,

Soak in a pail containing one tablespoonful of ammonia to a pail of soapy water. This will make them white and fleecy looking, and prevent shrinking.

Flannelette

Can be rendered non-inflammable by rinsing it after washing in alum water. The proportions being two ounces of alum in a gallon of cold water.

For Blancmanges.

If the white of an egg, well beaten up, is added to each pint of cornflour, or ground rice blancmange, before the mixture is poured into moulds, the blancmange will be softer and lighter.

3 Hints About Eggs.

To Keep New-laid Eggs Fresh

Rub the shells over with a little olive oil or pure glycerine.

To Test Eggs.

Hold them up to the light (gas or lamp light). Good ones will appear clear with a dark spot in the centre.

To Boil Eggs for Invalids or Children.

Boil the water, then remove the saucepan from the fire, place the egg in it, and allow it to stand for five minutes. It will then be perfectly cooked and easy to digest.

6 Ways of Using Up Old Newspapers.

Soaked in a Bath, or Pail,

For two days, then wrung out and shaped into balls, they will keep the fire burning for hours with the help of a little slack coal.

Placed Over Pot Plants

And flowers they act as a protection against frost and cold.

Damped they will Polish

Windows and lamp glasses better than cloths.

Torn in Shreds,

Soaked, and sprinkled upon carpets, they will take up the dust better than tea leaves.

When Folded and Placed Under Carpets,

They have the same effect as under-felt, and prolong the life of the carpet.

Placed on Kitchen Tables,

They save the trouble of constant scrubbing.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

is Guaranteed to Cure

A COUGH OR COLD IN ONE NIGHT.

The romance of the rise of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is most remarkable. Established fourteen years, this famous remedy has now won its way into nearly every home in Great Britain and the Colonies, and upwards of two million bottles are sold annually. Doctors prescribe it because it is absolutely the safest, purest, and most efficient remedy procurable for: Influenza, Nasal Catarrh, Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Weak Lungs, Blood-spitting, Whooping Cough. Albert Smith, Esq., M.I.C.S., M.S.B.Sc., 2 King's Road, Brownswood Park, London, N., in his certificate of analysis says:—"I find Veno's Lightning Cough Cure composed of pure ingredients whose combined effect is to allay irritation, facilitate the ejection of mucus, and soothe and stimulate the lungs, so preventing that distressing irritation and constant coughing which produces exhaustion. In my opinion it is a most excellent remedy, and can be relied upon as a safe and effective medicine in asthma, bronchitis, and affections of the lungs, for which I thoroughly recommend it." Ask for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, at chemists everywhere. Price 9½d., 1/1½ and 2/9.

For the best reasons why men are the ruder sex I will give five pairs of scissors. Mark postcards "Rude." (See page 736.)

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

BOON TO WEAK MEN. — Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Actual Manufacturers, 4, Oxford Street, London (Estab. 100 years).

ROSES.—Full instructions for the cultivation and care of Roses in order to grow them to the best advantage may be found in "Roses, and How to Grow Them," by Violet Biddle, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street London, W.C.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 16 & 40 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

INCOME TAX.—If you wish to avoid trouble and expense, buy "A Handy Guide to Income Tax Payers." It will solve all your difficulties in making a correct return, and thus avoid overcharge. Send fourteen stamps to A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta St., London W.C.

MARGATE.—The Clarence Boarding Establishment, Eastern Esplanade, Cliftonville. Unique position, facing Oval. Excellent cuisine, select company, moderate terms.—Apply Manageress.

WEAK MEN, send for my two Books, FREE. —Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

SMALL GARDENS.—Gardening is a fascinating hobby, and many useful hints will be found in "Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them," by V. P. Biddle. It may be had for 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

ASTROLOGY.— Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Success, Matrimony. Two years' future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould, Care House, Whitchurch Road, Cardiff.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 89 Aldersgate St., London.

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by C. Lang Neil. Send 1/2 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

CONJURING.—Catalogue free.—Vandy, 191 Regent Street (Dept. P.W.), London. Send early.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student is "How to Take and Fake Photographs," by Clive Holland. It gives you all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Cameras, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negatives, Printing, Mounting, &c., &c. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying factory direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list, particulars.—British Boot Co. (220) Portland Square, Bristol.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study; produces highest speed. Illus. booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

A BROKEN DOWN SYSTEM.—Read what Specialists, Doctors, and Sufferers say about "PHOSPHOROIDS." A safe and sure remedy for general weakness and loss of nerve power. Treatise with full particulars sent sealed, post free.—Williams Herbal Coy, Dept. P, 37 St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross, London, W.C.

ASTROLOGY.—Your future important events foretold. Marriage, Partner described, Business, Speculation, Changes, Legacies, Lucky Days, Planet, etc. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Madame Marion, 4 Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.

LONG EVENINGS NO LONGER.—Play "Puppet Peers," the latest game. Humorous, Scientific, and Amusing. Endless fun for 2 to 7 players; 1/3 post free.—55r County Road, Liverpool.

SMALL POCKET CAMERA, absolutely unique, instructive and amusing, 15/-; will take 5/- and 1/- per week. Carriage paid.—G. Russell, 41 Richford Street, W.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Thoroughly practical information on physical culture for training and general health is given in "Modern Physical Culture," by C. Lang Neil. All the modern systems are illustrated. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BLUSHING CURED. — Doctor's famous recipe 1/- order. Testimonials.—H. Stevens (Box 2), 71 Back Piccadilly, Manchester.

Nurse D'Arcy, Glasgow (from a photo).

NURSE FINDS Peps

Very Comforting for THROAT & CHEST.

"I HAVE used and recommended Peps regularly for five years," says Nurse D'Arcy, 705 Dumbarton Road, Partick, Glasgow, W., "and have formed such a high opinion of their merits that I always carry a box in my bag. I find Peps very comforting for the throat when I go out into the cold, raw, or foggy air, and I never leave home without first putting a little Peps tablet in my mouth.

"Peps are invaluable in my own family all the year round. My husband, a few years ago, had an abscess on the lungs, which left him with a very distressing cough. Peps have proved of very great service in relieving the cough and easing my husband's throat, and he his now a great believer in these breatheable tablets.

"Our three boys and little girl also have derived much benefit from Peps. Each winter they are afflicted with a more or less severe cough, but I never give them anything but Peps, which I find soothe the rawness of the children's throats and suppress the tendency to cough.

"I have a large professional practice in Glasgow, and consequently get many opportunities of recommending Peps, with the result that in many homes I visit Peps are now in regular use. By their consistently good effect, Peps have gained not only my own complete confidence, but also that of many patients, and it is a satisfaction to know that Peps have, in all cases, justified the confidence I placed in them."

PEPS are only sold in sealed packages, at 1/1½ or 2/9.

FREE Cut out this Coupon and send it with a 1d. stamp to Peps, Carlton Hill, Leeds, for a dainty free sample. P. W., 18.1.12.

Peps "A Pine Forest in Every Home"

That's what You want for your Skin Trouble!

Is your face covered with pimples, blotches, blackheads, or spots? Is your skin disfigured by eczema? Have you an itching rash all over your chest or back? Are you troubled by a breaking-out or raw place on your leg, that irritates and worries you day and night? Apply Antexema, and you will instantly get rid of the itching, burning pain. Go on applying it, and soon your skin will be so clear and healthy you will be proud of it, instead of being worried as you are now. Our confidence in the certainty of Antexema curing you is due to the fact that during the last twenty-five years it has worked hundreds of thousands of similar miracles. Antexema has cured skin sufferers who suffered martyrdom, and failed to get the slightest benefit from doctors, hospitals, or any other treatment whatever. It will cure you also. Send for Free Trial and prove its marvellous virtues.

Every skin complaint is cured by Antexema. Eczema, whether dry, weeping, scaly, or gouty; ringworm, bad legs, face spots, chaps, chilblains, and every irritated, inflamed, or diseased skin condition is cooled and soothed the moment Antexema touches it. The healing process starts immediately, new skin begins to grow, and every day the appearance of your skin steadily improves until it becomes spotless. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, and does not show on your skin. It was a doctor's discovery, and you have but to use it once to be enthusiastic about it. If your skin is unhealthy start your cure now, before your trouble gets worse. Delay is dangerous.

Go to your chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows' supply it at **1/1½** and **2/9**.

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON

Cut out and fill in Coupon, enclose three penny stamps for handbook, "Skin Troubles," and also receive generous Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap, the famous skin soap. Send to-day to Antexema, Castle Laboratory, Jeffreys Place, London, N.W.

Name .....

Address .....

Pearson's Weekly, 18/1/12. .....

SATURDAY'S CUP TIES.

SATURDAY, I am reminded, will be a busy day in the football world.

The ties in the first round for the English Cup will be played that afternoon, and there will be a terrific struggle on many a football field between noted clubs eager for the honour of playing in the Cup Final at the Crystal Palace.

In addition, it will be a busy time for those football enthusiasts whose duty it is to select or recommend players for international honours.

Not only will the English selectors be busy, but the Scottish selectors are sure to be to the fore watching the performances of Scottish players who are members of English teams.

The first round for the English Cup reminds me that it won't be long till the internationals and the Final match for the Football Cup are due. So Scottish readers who wish to see the match between England and Scotland at Glasgow on March 23rd, and everyone of you who would like to be our guest at the Cup Final at the Crystal Palace on April 20th could not do better than turn at once to page 718, where full particulars of our outings appear.

Arrangements are being made to give our guests both at Glasgow and in London a right royal time, so do your best to belong to the number.

By the way, I need hardly add that on page 717 £250 is offered for a correct forecast of football matches played on January 20th. This is a prize your football knowledge should help you to win. Start at once to think out your forecasts; this big prize may be yours.

HARRY LAUDER SIGNS.

WILL those of my readers who still have forms in connection with our Petition against Factory Fines which they are kindly getting filled with signatures be good enough to let us have them as soon as possible. There is, however, no violent hurry for a day or so if by keeping the forms back some more signatures can be obtained.

Among the latest signatures to come in to us is that of the world-famous comedian, Harry Lauder. Perhaps it may not be generally known that the celebrated Scot has the welfare of the workers very much at heart. He himself in the old days worked in a coal mine in the Hamilton district of Lanarkshire and possibly may himself have been subjected to the indignity of unjust fines. At any rate, he has signed our petition and wishes us success in our efforts to get fining stopped.

Will you please follow Harry Lauder's example?

A LADY'S MOUSTACHE.

HIRSUTE is a lady who suffers from too much hair on the face. To be exact, she is cultivating a moustache which she doesn't want. "Can you give me any cure for it?" she writes. "I am only twenty, and yet the hair on my upper lip is most noticeable. I am afraid in a few years' time that I shall have a regular moustache. It may seem funny, but I don't want to take to shaving, and yet I shall have to do something before long."——

Well, first of all, HIRSUTE, don't start experimenting in remedies to cure your unfortunate growth. You will only disfigure yourself and spoil the beauty of your lips entirely. If you are quite determined to remove the offending hair, then go to a doctor and take his advice. He will most probably advise you to leave it alone—the wisest advice after all. Whatever you do, however, don't put yourself in the hands of the many quack beauty doctors to be found in every town. Go to someone who does know what to do, and not to someone who merely wants your money.

AN AWKWARD MEMORY.

"I have a frightfully bad memory," writes SATON. "I wish I hadn't, for the other day I got into a bad tangle through it. I was walking along the street with a lady when I met a male acquaintance of mine. The lady and my acquaintance were unknown to each other, so, of course, I had to make the necessary introductions. Imagine my horror when I couldn't remember either of their names! What ought I to have done?"——

I can well imagine your horror, SATON! An excellent thing would have been to have shouted out, "Mad dog!" and bolted! Seriously, your best plan under similar circumstances is to introduce the man to the lady under the first name that comes into your head. Start: "May I introduce Mr. Jack Thompson to you?" Your male acquaintance will promptly point out that he is really Tom Jackson. You apologise profusely for mixing him up with the fictitious Jack. "Marvellous likeness! Wonderful! Never saw anything to equal it in my life!" and so on. Then switch the conversation on to the doubles of royalty, and if you are smart there is no need to mention the lady's name at all! I hope that your memory is good enough to remember the above piece of advice!

ADVICE THAT FAILED.

FED UP has been in the wars, and all over our article entitled "These Mottoes Make Money." He writes: "You ask us to 'tell our employers that we know more about our department than he does.' I've just tried this gag on my 'gaffer,' and he said if I broke any more orders he'd break my neck; and when I sprung the 'superior departmental knowledge of mine' on him he asked me whether I'd prefer to leave by the door or the window. I chose the door, because our department is on the fifth floor and I'd left my bi-plane at home.

"Again, you say: 'Keep on working.' No, thank you; I've had some. I stayed at my bench after the whistle sounded the other night, resolved to 'keep working' till recognition came. It came, alas! Amidst howls of 'Blackleg!' 'Scab!' 'Jonah!' I was hustled into the lift by my mates, more on my ear than on my feet, and next morning got 'choked off' by the boss for keeping my light burning after the 'buzzer' went.

"Once more you say: 'Borrow.' I've tried fifteen moneylenders, but they're 'not on.' They all said summat about 'collateral security,' but when I stated that I'd nothing but an old knife and a last summer's straw hat and the word of a millionaire that 'borrow' was the way to success, they asked me if he'd 'back' the bills, and then they 'backed' out.

"'Borrow,' indeed! Why, some of 'em wouldn't even 'lend an ear' to my applications.

"Try again, Mr. Editor."

WHY AM I "WE?"

SOUNDS a funny question, doesn't it? But that is just what B. R. has asked me in his letter. "Why do journalists so often use 'we' instead of 'I'?" he asks. "I notice that most editors do it, though you seem to have come back to the good old 'I' in *Pearson's Weekly*."——

Editors and kings are privileged to use "we" instead of "I," B.R. I use "we" when I want to be modest. Too many "I's" are liable to make you think I am frightfully conceited, whereas we are nothing of the kind. Another thing, the editorial "we" generally stands for the paper and not for the editor. We prefer "I" on this page because, you see, I am talking to friends of mine, and I don't want to appear stiff and formal. This page is, in fact, just a page to clear up difficulties that my friends are in, and to chat pleasantly with them. You can't chat pleasantly if you keep on saying, "We think this or we advise that," now can we?

I hope you are now satisfied with what I—we—have said, B. R.

WHAT NOISE ANNOYS AN OYSTER MOST?

You will, no doubt, remember, that I asked this strange sounding question in the Footlines the other week.

Well, here are some of the clever answers I have received in reply:

One reader suggests that the noise that annoys an oyster most is the noise of a "swallow."

Another is of opinion "that it is the star fish singing for his supper."

A third competitor is certain that it must be "the noise of the 'natives' being 'dragged' from their 'beds'"; while a fourth reader pithily hazards the suggestion that the annoying noise must be that of "the last 'bolt.'"

WHAT WAS IT THAT THE MERRYTHOUGHT?

THIS was another query that caused some brain-wracking among my readers, and here are some of their replies:

What was it that the Merrythought?

"That after dinner it would suggest a 'side-splitting' game."

"That it couldn't stand the 'strain.'"

"That I'm not proud though I'm 'cracked up' by everybody."

"That it felt the 'belle' pull."

You will find the awards in the Footlines Contests on page 3 of cover opposite.

A JOLLY FINE STORY.

THOSE of my readers who would like to read a really rollicking serial story will find particulars on p. 731 of what is described as the "merriest, maddest, serial story ever written." Its title is "The Haunted Pyjamas," and we are assured that you will have the sorrow of your life if you miss it.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.

4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, January 18th.

5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

6. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

RESULT OF PERFECT HAND CONTEST.

In our Christmas Double Number we offered £20 for the outlines of the two best-shaped hands—one outline was to be of a lady's hand, the other a gentleman's. We also promised ten shillings each to the witnesses of the winning hands. Mademoiselle Jeannette, the well-known Paris Beauty Specialist, has judged the contest.

In the ladies' section she has awarded the prize of £10 to

Mrs. H. REDFERN,
2 Whalley Avenue,
Whalley Range,
Manchester.

F. Redfern, of the same address, witnessed the drawing of the outline and receives 10s.

In the gentlemen's section Mademoiselle Jeannette has awarded the £10 prize to

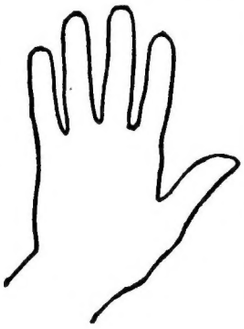
Mr. GEORGE MAYER,
Starcross,
nr. Exeter.

Alice Mayer, of the same address, receives 10s. for witnessing the drawing.

The outlines of the two winning hands are shown, and Mademoiselle Jeannette has given a reading of each.

Mrs. REDFERN'S HAND.

This hand combines the philosophic with the artistic types, showing ideality and a love of the fine arts with much practical common sense. The thumb shows will power and great adaptability, while the outward curve of the first phalange gives generosity without undue extravagance. The palm shows order and method without extreme fussiness.



Mr. GEORGE MAYER'S HAND.

This hand denotes good business ability, method, and order. Inclined to act on impulse, and easily influenced by friends. Generous and inclined to extravagance. Should be successful as engineer or architect.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Results of Footline Competitions.

"WISHBONE" CONTEST.

What was it the merry-thought?" For the best ... to this question five watches have been awarded ... B. Adams, 64 Chart Lane, Reigate; T. Dey, 54 Stocket Rd., Aberdeen; Mrs. C. Fitzgerald, 47 ... St., Westminster; Mrs. Nash, 135 Melfort Rd., ... Heath; Miss F. Smith, 151 Anson St.; Barrow-in-Furness.

"MOTTO" CONTEST.

Readers were invited to submit original four-line ... mottoes, and the prizes of five stylo pens have ... won by: A. Clements, Knutsford Drive, Belfast; ... Davies, 17 Fairleigh Terr., Enfield; H. M. ..., 15 Lauriston St., Greenock; Miss G. Savage, ... College, Seaford; L. Spencer, 151 Gwydir St., Cambridge.

"NOYSTER" CONTEST.

New replies were wanted to the conundrum, "What ... annoys an oyster most?" Five briar pipes for ... best answers have been won by the following: A. ..., Cranmer House, Stockton-on-Tees; O. Hood, ... Rd., Upper Tooting; E. Jupp, 1 Underdown ..., Broadwater; J. G. McFarlane, 22½ View Terr., Aberdeen; H. Pope, 87 Monmouth Rd., Lower Edmonton.

"WORM" CONTEST.

For the best speech, supposed to be made by a worm asking the early bird to spare its life, the prize of five shillings has been awarded to Miss Mary Rogers, 24 Hope Quay, Weymouth, who wrote as follows:

"What a 'turn' you gave me! I was not expecting 'bills' so early. It always makes me squirm when they are presented all 'overdue.' Pray withdraw your 'bill.' Give time, and, although I have not 'a leg to stand on,' I shall find a way to 'wriggle through.' Farewell!"

"FACE" CONTEST

Competitors were asked to draw an imaginary portrait of Father Christmas in twenty straight lines. The winner was J. C. Scott, 529 Clarkston Rd., Cathcart, Glasgow, to whom the prize of five shillings has been sent.

"VANITY" CONTEST.

Five pairs of scissors were offered to lady competitors for the best definitions of "vanity." The following are the winners: Miss E. Evans, 3 Florence Rd., Boscombe; Mrs. McFarlane, 22½ View Terr., Aberdeen; Mrs. E. Rhodes, 36 Windsor Terr., Penarth; Miss C. Schofield, 214 Leeds Rd. N., Huddersfield; Mrs F. J. Warren, 3 Victoria Place, Haverfordwest.

Our Christmas Tree.

THE following is the fifth and final list of awards so far as British readers are concerned in connection with the Mysterious Christmas Tree which appeared in our Christmas Number.

GIFTS TO GENTLEMEN READERS.

E. McKenzie, Aberdeen; J. Paul, Darlington; H. Whowry, Rotherham; G. M. Arnold, Ilford Lane; D. O.-Bell, Chathill; F. Davidson, Glasgow; F. Beaumont, Sheffield; A. Atkinson, Manchester; W. Harby, Lincoln; G. C. Wall, S. Norwood; J. Westhead, Todmorden; I. McFarlane, Greenock; W. Salmon, Bow; J. Parling, Holt; A. E. Williamson, W. Bridgford; H. J. Larkin, Faversham; W. Doody, Newport, Salop; J. Johnson, Glasgow; G. Wagborn, Kingston-on-Thames; R. Perkin, Accrington; T. McKenzie, Fleetwood; W. Quirk, Peel, I. of M.; W. ..., Rotherham; Sir C. B. Baylis, Liverpool; S. B. Bennett, ...-on-Trent; F. Lawton, Swansea; A. Cameron, Perth; W. M. ..., Dundee; W. Marsden, Liverpool; J. C. Turner, ...mouth; W. McDowall, Cleator; A. Maskell, Barking; J. ..., Dartford; J. H. Fry, Griffithstown; J. Walton, Crewe; ..., Canning Town; J. Skilton, Haggerston; J. G. Smith, ...ester; O. Witcombe, Bristol; T. Davis, Neath, Glam.; ..., Rotherham; A. O. Smith, Glasgow; R. Y. Mackenzie, ... Moor; H. Phillips, Wolverhampton; E. J. Barnes, Bury; ... Elphick, Walthamstow; D. Hudson, Cleator Moor; H. J. ..., Leeds; P. Aldridge, Gloucester; F. McBride, Belfast; ..., Belfast; D. J. Davies, Abercarn; T. C. Wise, Catford; ... Babet, Limehouse; H. Blackburn, Leeds; M. D. Samuel, ...tow; J. Hayes, Salford; J. Seaton, Jnr., Stirling; ..., Halifax; W. Dunkerley, Failsworth; A. G. Gardner, F. Smith, Manchester; W. McCracken, Liverpool; ..., Birmingham; W. P. Owen, Ruabon; E. C. Bowers, ...; T. Boyd, Belfast; C. G. Store, Shepherd's Bush; ..., Hull; F. le Grand, Poplar; J. Whitehurst, Hyde; ..., Camberwell; G. Hubbard, Baslow; E. Hunt, Car... W. H. Jenking, Blackpool; M. E. Jenking, Blackpool; ... Forest Gate; J. W. Goodings, Bingley; H. Grossman, ... J. Bailey, Tunstall; F. Doverall, Woking; E. Bates, ... Heath; M. W. G. Payne, Northampton; E. Stead, ... Campbell, Belfast; J. W. Kewley, Cleator Moor; ..., Exeter; H. East, Milford Haven; E. G. Childs, ... S. Pearce, Johnstown, Ruabon; H. Jones, Abertillery; ..., Edinburgh; A. Fussell, Bristol; W. Potter, Bow; ... Stoke-on-Trent; A. W. Smith, Barking; H. Parkin, W. Greenhalgh, Whitefield, Manchester; A. H. ... Smethwick; G. McFee, Dundee; G. L. Woolner, S. ... Dallimore, St. Martin's, Guernsey; B. Harris, St. ... Hospital; J. Berry, Salford; R. Barclay, Hamil... S. Bruce, Buckshurn; R. J. Simons, Dukinfield; R. ... Wood Green; A. Bertenshaw, Liverpool; A. Carson, ... Williams, Swansea; C. Cook, Salford; A. T. Yeo, ...; J. Helm, Hull; H. V. Evans, Manchester; ... Essex Road; C. Liggings, Coventry; J. Ware, Green... W. Barnes, Todmorden; R. Harvey, Liverpool; J. H. ... Shields; J. Fairbairn, S. Shields; R. Walsh, Liver... W. Griffith, Camberwell; M. Fleming, Newcastle-on-Tyne; ..., Salford; R. Longmate, Chesterfield; C. Longmate, ...; M. Smith, Waterloo Road; S. Veale, Burton-on-... W. Hardcastle, Birmingham; W. R. Sunderland, Halifax; ..., Haywards Heath; B. R. F. Pearson, Bath; W. G. ..., Wandsburgh; W. H. Oldknow, Derby; A. Anderson, ... E. Herbert, Hinckley; T. Hick, Willington-Quay-on-... M. Candless, Ballycastle; H. White, Old Kent Road; Tibbs, Walworth; H. Carter, Camberwell; J. Daly, W. Childs, Wood Green; W. Brown, S. Shields; M. ..., Leek; A. Matthews, Doncaster; A. Hurwood, Middlesbrough; W. Wheatcroft, Blackburn; L. Smith, Beckenham; W. Moore, Ferry Hill; F. H. Catterill, Camberwell; W. Brayshaw, Dukinfield; J. H. Rothwell, Bolton; J. H. Jacques, Liverpool; W. Wardle, Nottingham; C. Williams, Bristol; E. Liggins, Coventry; J. Maskell, Millwall; W. Ingram, Levenshulme; F. Martindale, Chorley; W. Johnson, Liverpool; T. Page, Neath, S. Wales; L. Hickson, Manchester; W. Golightly, Middlesbrough; H. W. Morgan, Dartford; M. Vines, Radford; F. O. Neill, Leeds; M. Smart, Radford; T. Calderbank, Westhoughton.

GIFTS TO LADY READERS.

Mrs. M. Gabb, Birmingham; Miss N. Wallwork, Ashton-u.-Lyne; Mrs. Glenister, Kensal Rise; Miss A. Jackson, Gt. Gonerby; Miss I. Clarkson, Chorley; Miss B. Wightman, Leeds; Miss M. K. Moore, Belfast; Mrs. Graves, Harringay; Mrs. M. Lamont, Merthyr Tydfil; Miss M. Davies, Wolverhampton; Mrs. Kirby, Derby; Miss E. Scillito, Kilburn; Mrs. Morey, Walworth; Miss A. Henderson, Edinburgh; Mrs. H. Hodgson, Bradford; Mrs. W. P. Owen, Ruabon; Mrs. L. Matthews, Shanklin, I.W.; Miss N. R. Scott, Kilmacolm; Mrs. Thorpe, Sheffield; Mrs. A. Hall, Leeds; Miss E. H. Eyre, Sheffield; Mrs. Kennedy, W. Kirby; Mrs. Cowpe, Preston; Miss L. O'Beirne, Old Charlton; Miss J. Dimond, Dartford; Mrs. J. Jones, Swansea; Mrs. R. Alderson, Hirst; Miss N. Winstanley, Wigan; Miss A. Taylor, Rotherham; Mrs. Ashman, Brecon; Mrs. A. Bottrill, Hinckley; Miss N. Clarke, Dunstable; Mrs. Durkin, Birmingham; Mrs. A. Watkins, Streatham Hill; Miss R. Roadley, Long Eaton; Mrs. Tomkinson, Liscard; Miss I. Luke, Coventry; Mrs. Conell, New Malden; Miss J. McKay, Hull; Miss D. Dernee, Liverpool; Mrs. Trusler, Northampton; Miss S. Atterton, Clerkenwell Road; Miss F. Gilbert, Lancaster; Miss E. Noonan, Kilburn; Miss M. Smith, Bradford; Mrs. B. Morris, Mitcham; Mrs. Buchanan, Fleetwood; Miss M. Ackland, Swansea; Mrs. Curtis, Cricklewood; Mrs. G. Waghorn, Kingston-on-Thames; Mrs. Exeter, Dartford; Mrs. J. Hitchman, Smethwick; Miss L. Rees, Swansea; Mrs. Finlay, Plymouth; Mrs. Atkinson, Manchester; Miss M. Hay, Airdrie; Mrs. Canning, Edinburgh; Mrs. Jones, Blackpool; Miss A. Shaw, Hackney Road; Mrs. H. Borman, Grimsby; Mrs. Hill, Sutton, Surrey; Miss A. J. Barson, Aberystwyth; Miss A. Dyson, Burton-on-Trent; Miss M. Harris, Ramsey, I. of M.; Mrs. W. D. Steel, Lanark; Mrs. M. J. Stutchbury, S. Shields; Mrs. Moore, Splott, Cardiff; Mrs. Nelmes, Splott, Cardiff; Mrs. Brown, Dartford; Mrs. Dixon, Middlesbro'; Mrs. A. Sommerville, Edinburgh; Mrs. Portman, Chapeltown; Miss I. ..., Gateshead-on-Tyne; Miss E. Stanage, Banbridge, Co. Down; Mrs. Hobson, Perth; Miss E. Dauncey, Newport, Mon.; Miss E. Billinghurst, Norwich; Mrs. Hewitt, Norwich; Mrs. Jamieson, S. Shields; Mrs. Roche, Wolverhampton; Miss Lovett, Manchester; Mrs. Perry, Wolverhampton; Miss M. J. G..., Winchester; Miss E. Long, Bristol; Miss S. A. Fussell, Bristol; Miss G. Fussell, Bristol; Miss L. F. Smarden, Petersham; Miss Foulkes, Birmingham; Mrs. Morrison, Kingston-on-Thames; Mrs. J. Beal, Midsomer Norton; Mrs. W. Taylor, Airdrie; Miss L. McManus, Belfast; Miss J. Hulme, Wigan; Mrs. Harmer, Woking; Mrs. E. White, St. Helens; Mrs. J. E. Walker, Bakewell; Miss E. Laurie, Deal; Mrs. Holme, Liverpool; Miss N. Tacey, Hoxton; Mrs. Jenkins, Up. Holloway; Miss E. Bunworth, Canklow; Mrs. A. B. Darling, Edinburgh; Mrs. E. Adams, Dawlish; Mrs. E. Shallice, S. Bermondsey; Mrs. P. Richards, Bermondsey; Miss E. Graham, Belfast; Mrs. Askin, Belfast; Miss E. Islam, Salford; Mrs. Remington, Bingley; Mrs. Thain, Aberdeen; Miss F. Stephens, Gray's Inn Road, E.C.; Mrs. Harding, Dartford; Mrs. Roberts, Vianene, Guernsey; Miss W. Owens, Liverpool; Mrs. Hewes, Upper Walthamstow; Miss M. Prentice, Poplar.

...ult of "Sparklets" No. 21.

(Continued from Page 730.)

3 GIFTS OF £1 1s. EACH.

... Christian, Tynedale, Peterborough Rd., Leyton; ... Foster, 21 Woolstone Rd., Catford; W. Newey, ...ia Rd., Aston, Birmingham.

11 GIFTS OF £1 EACH.

..., 3 Station Rd., Halesworth, Suffolk; J. A. ..., 5 Broad St., Kirkwall, Orkney; E. J. Gleeson, Central Restaurant, London; G. Griffiths, 25A ..., Selhurst; A. Hutcheon, 94 Hill St., Garnethill, Glasgow; Mrs. Illingworth, 24 Richmond Rd., ...; M. P. Moore, 221 Beckenham Rd., Beckenham; A. Pearce, 15 High St., Manchester; F. Le ..., Burrow Lodge, Ilfracombe; Miss J. Simpson, ... A. Yeats, 730 High Rd., Tottenham.

Football Snapshots.

(See page 718.)

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 1.

... contest two pairs of tickets for the Cup Final at ...stal Palace were offered for the best Football ...s on FULHAM. The attempts selected as the ..., together with the names and addresses of the senders, ... follows:

FULHAM: "*Hustle" And "Muscle.*"

... by A. W. FARNISH, 1 Swinton Place, Bradford; who nominated G. NAYLOR, 38 Ferndale Grove, Frizinghall, Bradford.

FULHAM: *Many Hats "Aloft."*

Sent by J. MORRIS, 34 New Street, Kidwelly, Carm.; who nominated MRS. E. MORRIS, of same address.

RESULT OF "GOOSE" PARROT CONTEST.

(See page 718.)

The prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to G. Harding, 30 Portsmouth Road, Guildford, for the following:

When Snooks carved the old Christmas goose,
'Twas so tough that it slipped off the plate;
As it hit Arabella's young man,
The Parrot laughed out quite elate:
"The Goose's hobby—'cross-bow' and 'no.'"

Ten Consolation Gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

Mrs. E. W. Dubber, 63 Wick Rd., South Teddington; Mrs. G. Forbes, 36 North Lindsay St., Dundee; R. A. Harford, 2 Severn House, Newnham-on-Severn; J. T. Henderson, Rawnsley Schools, Hednesford; C. Johnson, 142 Foxhall Rd., Ipswich; E. A. Morgan, Accountant-General's Dept., G.P.O.; W. H. B. North, 268 High St., Exeter; F. Richards, Sticklepath School, Okehampton; H. Rose, 2 Minton St., Hull; B. Wallis, 122 Ella St., Hull.

...ING HOLIDAYS, 1912.	JANUARY	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
... Friday . April 5.	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	Jan. 12 ... 5.12
... Monday . April 8.	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	" 13 ... 5.13
...un Monday . May 27.	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	" 14 ... 5.14
... Holiday . August 5.	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	" 15 ... 5.16
...mas Day December 25.	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	" 16 ... 5.17
... Day . December 26.	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	" 17 ... 5.18
	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	" 18 ... 5.20

FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN

Accident and Guarantee . . . . Corporation Limited.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Assets exceed - **£2,250,000.**
Claims paid over **£9,000,000.**

Accident Insurance of all kinds.
Employers' Liability.
Fidelity Guarantees.
Licence Insurance.
Fire and Burglary.
Public Liability.
Motor Car.
Excess Bad Debt.
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.
T. M. E. ARMSTRONG, *Manager and Secretary.*

☞ **This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.**

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE
INSURANCE. (For terms see below.)

504 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims of £1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonth's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature ....

Available from 9 a.m. Wednesday, January 10th, 1912, until midnight, Thursday, January 18th, 1912.

"Don't say
you've forgotten
BEECHAM'S PILLS